THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

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OUR FIRST SIX MONTHS

IF WE take this space to talk in a somewhat personal way about our own work, it is because we believe our readers share our faith that what we are doing—or at least trying to do—is of real public importance—we trust also, of genuine public value. With our next number, The Commonweal will complete its first volume. The Calvert Associates, whose principal work is to make the publication of The Commonweal possible, will soon complete its third year of existence. In the Town Hall, New York City, the third annual celebration of the foundation of Maryland by Cecilius and George Calvert, from whom the Associates take their name and some of their highest ideals, was held successfully, under the patronage of the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, of the ambassadors to the United States of Great Britain and Italy, and of a distinguished company of ladies and gentlemen.

In the New York Evening Sun, Mr. W. J. Henderson, its music critic, said in reviewing the occasion—"The Calvert Associates is an organization primarily devoted to celebrating annually the founding of Maryland. This year it invites special attention to the principles of religious liberty established there by George Calvert, and finds in the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Palestrina, an opportunity to give the festival a special point." This is a highly concise account of the matter, and suggests a few reflections, which may echo things said before in the pages of The Commonweal, but we trust that the value of what is said will more than compensate for what may be repetitious. After all, it is by repetition that we really learn things, and impress them upon our memories in a way to make them readily available in action.

As Professor Robert Lord of Harvard University took occasion to point out in his oration on The Founding of Maryland at the time of the first celebration of the event by the Calvert Associates three years ago—"there used to be a popular impression in this country that all Americans worth considering were Mayflower descendants, and that with the landing at Plymouth Rock, and the establishment of the first New England school, meeting-house, and town-meeting, the foundations of America were definitely laid. This impression was not unnatural as long as American history was written chiefly by New Englanders, and made to centre mainly about the history of Massachusetts. It was, indeed, known that some obscure persons had surreptitiously arrived by other vessels, and had been ill-advised enough to locate outside Massachusetts; but it was scarcely conceded that these misguided people could have had any essential part in shaping the traditions, the liberties, or the destinies of the country. We

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are met to honor one such group of immigrants: those who on March 25, 1634, first landed on the shores of Maryland."

Professor Lord then asked a question which, after all, and particularly today, is more important than the interesting and romantic incidents that accompanied the landing of the pilgrims from the Ark and the Dove—those ships bearing such happily symbolic names. The question was—"But what was to be the special contribution of the new colony to the making of America?" Answering his own question with a wealth of detail and of historical confirmation that we can only allude to, Professor Lord pointed out that the Calverts had, from the outset, "a fixed policy for their colony, which they adhered to with admirable consistency and firmness, and it was a policy so far in advance of their age that it won for them a glorious and unique position among the builders of early America. That policy was, in brief, to establish a colony endowed with the maximum of political liberty and of religious freedom . . . The greatest glory of Maryland and of the Calverts was to have inaugurated in America the system of religious toleration. That glory has been not a little disputed; no effort has been spared to tarnish or to minimize it; the question has aroused impassioned polemics, and has brought into the lists such great figures as Gladstone and Cardinal Manning. But the main facts are now tolerably well established."

Maryland was not always to preserve the high privilege of being "the land of sanctuary." In 1654, Lord Baltimore's rule was temporarily overthrown by Puritans, to whom religious toleration was repugnant and whose first act was to forbid the exercise of the Catholic religion. While this did not last long, it was a foretaste of what came in 1689, when Catholic Maryland was swept away and the Anglican church established as the state church of the province; toleration was abolished, and thenceforward down to the American Revolution, Catholics in Maryland were reduced to the rank of an outcast sect, excluded from political rights and exposed to countless restrictions and petty persecutions. "It must be ever a satisfaction to remember that during the fifty years of Catholic rule in Maryland—from 1634 down to 1689—not a single person was molested or discriminated against for religious reasons; and to use a phrase of Bancroft 'the day-star of religious liberty' arose in America under Catholic auspices."

The Calvert Associates in remembering and commemorating these facts, realize also that the mere remembrance or occasional celebration of such high ideals is not sufficient, and they have made it their particular object to do whatever properly can be done by such an organization to make the principles which animated the original Calverts active and fruitful in the greater America of today.

The beneficial results of Catholic action in Maryland in 1634 were not confined to the Catholics; they were for everybody else, and the great principle of that Catholic action proved to be perhaps the fundamental one of the American nation. The perpetuation of that principle is today a particular duty to all who believe in liberty and in the historic and traditional American ideals inaugurated by the Revolution. A group of thirteen individuals formed the nucleus of the present body of Calvert Associates. Now every state in the American Union is represented in our membership. The circulation of this paper, which does its best to express the spirit of the Calvert Associates, has grown to 10,000 during the first six months of its life. We are able to say with natural gratification that the facts which prove the growing influence of The Commonweal are abundant and constantly increasing. We could fill pages with letters of appreciation which have come in from all parts of the country. Even more significant have been the widespread quotations from our pages by our secular contemporaries, who recognize The Commonweal as the representative organ of the Catholic laity. We have refrained heretofore from calling attention in our own pages to these tributes, but we think it is only fair to our readers, particularly to those who from the early days of the Calvert Associates have had faith in us and have proved that faith by their works in our behalf, to record the fact.

Reverting again to what Mr. W. J. Henderson said about our third celebration of the founding of Maryland, we call attention to his remark that the Associates found "in the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Palestrina, an opportunity to give the festival a special point." This is quite true. In addition to exerting our best efforts, in appropriate ways, to keep alive in the United States the idea and the practice of religious liberty, the Calvert Associates, and their organ The Commonweal, believe that the art, the literature, the music, the philosophy, and many of the social institutions which have sprung from or been nurtured by the Catholic faith, are of primary and permanent value to Americans. They believe that nothing can do so much for the betterment, the happiness, and the peace of the American people as the influence of the enduring and tested principles of Catholic Christianity.

The Commonweal has acted on that belief now for six months. We have had many failures in living up to our own ideals. Many mistakes have been committed. It is only simple honesty to state these facts, but the greater fact remains that these six months have proved that there really is a place for a journal like The Commonweal, and that The Commonweal has found that place. Provided only that we can maintain and increase our present membership, The Commonweal will permanently occupy a useful position among those journals which are doing their best work for the best interests of the American nation.

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WEEK BY WEEK

A GOOD many wise and useful sayings were woven into President Coolidge's radio talk to the women on April 18, when they opened their world fair at Chicago. Perhaps the best of all was when he pointed out that this country needs its arts and sciences and great agencies "not merely that they may be used in the market place, but that they may be translated to the home." We should even be inclined to broaden his phraseology and say that the value of all we do and all we possess is the development of personality. In fact, as he went on he showed that the value of all our valuables lay in their effect on broadening life. The fireside is merely the most intimate workshop in the construction of character. National wealth and national mentality are desirable for their effect on the individual. It is through the elevation of the home that they have their highest influence, and as he was talking to women, who are or should be the home-makers, it was natural that the President should see the significance of the great display and speak of it from that angle.

THE President finds it hard to talk at all, these days, without having something to say about economy. Perhaps he is overdoing it a little. But there was nothing wrong about his praise of the women's business method in financing their fair. The exact definition of what they would try to do and the precise statement of the amount they proposed to spend made it easy for them to get the money, and as they stuck to their schedule, they came out with a show ready to receive the public and free from floating debt. This is a fine record, which projectors of all sorts and both sexes may well emulate. In fact, the budget idea is in the air and it marks a great step forward in public sense of responsibility. Only a few years, and the idea of the federal government or any of the states running its exchequer on a go-as-you-please plan, will be as anachronistic as taxation without representation.

THAT the system should be extended to private and domestic expenditures seems to be in the President's mind a logical corollary of the women's adopting it for their big joint enterprise. Well, why not? But maybe the incident arose in just the reverse way. Perhaps it is because their personal experience made the women practical budgetarians in their daily lives that they took so readily to the idea of calculating in advance what they would put into their fair and then securing the money before they began to spend it. At any rate, the women seem to have done something really fine in undertaking a great work for the betterment of life and for carrying it to completion in such business-like fashion. They are to be heartily congratulated.

THERE is a new signal light in the window and a new minute-man is spurring around the country. We were not mistaken when we said that General Dawes would make a real fight for reform of the Senate rules. Nor will the fight be so very unbalanced as might appear. It will not be one man against the old guard of privilege. The two speeches which he made in Boston show that he has the people with him, only they were never roused and captained before in this fight. He said—"I am going around this country before I get through this four years; then I'm going out of office." It may be a non-sequitur, but wherever he goes he will receive the same backing that he did in Boston. It is the way he says it, not what he says, as he points out himself. Everyone knows the facts; he won't let them be hidden in sawdust. The Senate will have to remake its rules more nearly to the heart's desire of the country.

THE decision of the Supreme Court of the United States practically putting the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations out of business must give a thrill of joy to the soul of the late Samuel Gompers if he is anywhere within reach of the news. The ruling fully supports two of the principles upon which he built his edifice of labor unionism. One of these was the claim that human effort is not a commodity and not subject to the law of supply and demand; the other that there is no justification in law or democracy for compulsory arbitration. In his autobiography, Gompers harps insistently on both points. The decision now rendered is just as positive as he. But to impartial thinkers it will hardly seem that both dicta are equally well grounded. Compulsory arbitration is a contradiction even in terms. At any rate, it is hardly a less serious

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infringement of freedom than direct compulsory settlement of strikes. To tell a man he must work on certain terms because someone else thinks them right is obvious nonsense. To tell an employer he must pay on someone else's judgment against his own is obviously to put fetters on capital.

BUT to argue that a thing which is sold in the open market at the best price it will bring and which fluctuates in the need for it from day to day, is not a commodity because it has some concern with human will, is to ignore the most obvious fact. The disposal of everything that men prize depends on their will—will to hold or will to sell—and granting that a man's work is his most precious belonging, it is also the one which nature and Providence have most compellingly placed him in the position of having to sell and desiring to sell. The fact that labor is a commodity subject to free barter and sale is the reason why compulsory arbitration should not be applied to it.

THE announcement that Saint Peter's Catholic church on Barclay Street, New York, is planning a celebration for its one hundred and fortieth anniversary will have a sympathetic appeal to many who are not Catholics. This church, in the busiest part of down-town, has a daily function of special beauty and beneficence. It is open all the long hours of the business day, and there are always numerous refugees within its quiet, religious shade from the glare and din without. Many of these are orthodox worshippers, as their behavior shows—but not a few, it will be seen if they are observed, just enter in search of atmosphere. The mere sense of peace and higher things which one always finds in a Catholic church is heightened in this case by the dim age of the building and its peculiar effect of shutting out all the voices of the madding crowd. It is a great centre of pious thought and supernatural impulse.

MR. EDSEL FORD is seriously interested in aviation. The energies of the greatest mechanical system in the world are gradually being applied to the problem of making little winged ships in which father can take the family above the clouds—or at least over the tree-tops—after Sunday dinner. Within twenty-five years the price (it is predicted) may be so low that even a chattel mortgage will furnish the necessary funds. It has also been suggested that these "flivvers" to be will carry dime-absorbing turnstiles, so that after a few thousand trips the cash-box will contain sufficient coin to pay for the benevolent machine. The prospect we confront is therefore a most interesting one. "It is the airship falling out of Heaven like a miracle that observes the true modesty of nature," said poor Dixon Scott. But think of what poetry of motion there will be in 100,000 Ford planes whizzing over Chicago on a Sunday afternoon! The celestial gas-tanks, the aerial traffic policemen, the soft music of propellers in the evening glow—perhaps it was all this which sent Mr. Wells into thoughtful retirement at Cannes. But another aspect of the matter merits particular attention. The Fundamentalists at Princeton have now discovered that the automobile is responsible for the foibles of the age. No downward impetus felt by the human race, we are told, is so strong and devastating as the urge to go speeding about on four pneumatic tires. How closely our maladies will therefore be identified with the rapidly approaching delights of traveling through the air! The possibilities are so serious that it might be well to muzzle Mr. Ford at once and so avert disaster. Indeed—when you stop to think of the holiday afternoons of the future, and of a few other things—there is much to be said for that point of view.

OIL is a topic which is in everybody's mouth—how many of those who discuss it have the slightest idea as to how these vast reservoirs of oil came to be filled up? The explanation commonly given is that oil is derived from the remains of enormous shoals of fishes overwhelmed in days long, long ago by showers of volcanic ashes; but an author, Dr. Henderson, as Science informs us, regards this explanation as insufficient and unnecessary to account for the oil deposits which he attributes to the decay of innumerable small plants and animals which, though by no means so rich in oil as fishes, yet, by their enormous numbers, make up for that deficiency and are found to enter into the composition of some petroleum-rich formations where fish remains are uncommon. In connection with this matter the same journal informs us that Dr. John W. Gruner has come to the conclusion that traces of life are to be found in the oldest-known rocks called Archaean. It is well-known that Dawson described in these rocks what he believed to be the earliest form of living thing under the name of Eozoon Canadense, but his view has not been generally accepted. Dr. Gruner believes that he can demonstrate traces of blue-green algae in rocks so far believed to contain no evidence of life; and what is especially interesting in this connection is that these peculiarly colored algae can and do exist under heat conditions impossible to most forms of life, for they live in the nearly boiling natural waters of the Yellowstone Park and other regions, though they are also capable of existence in water of the ordinary temperature.

AN ancient and almost certainly apochryphal tale, relates that Charles II, the Merry Monarch, when he chartered that famous body of men of science, the Royal Society, set them as a first enquiry to explain why a dead fish in water weighed more than a living one. After much deliberation they told the King that they did not know; whereupon he asked them—"Does it weigh more?" Ascertain first your facts: that seems

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to be the sensible plan adopted by the state Board of Education in California regarding the present ferment connected with the teaching of evolution, to which we have on previous occasions alluded in these columns. An enquiry was sent out to the presidents of the institutions accredited for high-school certification, including various universities. Amongst others, a Dominican college, the name of whose president is appended to the report submitted in accordance with the instructions issued, replied. The enquiry was whether, in the text-books used in the teaching of biology, there was "a presentation of the subject of evolution in such a way as to discredit the Bible and to develop in the minds of high-school students an attitude of irreverence and atheism." The result of the enquiry must be highly satisfactory to all parties, except perhaps the extreme so-called "Fundamentalists," who would debar the rising generation from even becoming aware that such a controversy existed.

"THERE appear to be no statements derogatory to the Bible . . . the writers have taken special pains to assure the readers that there is no conflict between science and religion. Evolution is presented as a theory, and not as an established fact—although it is stated here and there that the theory of evolution is commonly accepted by scientific men, and that is true." So far the report of the presidents and a few extracts from the books under criticism, will show the accuracy of their observations. In Moon's Biology for Beginners we read—"Some things that evolution does not teach . . . that man is descended from a monkey . . . that God can be left out of the scheme of Creation." Gager's Fundamentals of Botany states—"Darwinism neither eliminates God, nor does it teach that monkeys are the ancestors of man." And further quotations might be made, but we need give no more than the concluding words of the report of the presidents—"The text-books before us are concerned with presenting scientific facts and theories, of which every person with any pretense to an education in the subject or subjects treated, should be informed. All departures of the authors from this simple policy may be said to show due respect and consideration for the fundamental principles of religion as presented in the Bible." The state of California may well be congratulated on the action of its Board of Education and the results which came from it.

THE death of John Singer Sargent removes an artist who was probably the last of the great American group of sculptors and painters who identified themselves with Europe. In earlier days Rome was hospitable to Crawford and Story; Florence became the home of Powers; Miss Elizabeth Nourse still resides in Paris; and Sargent was preceded in London by the sardonic genius of Whistler. This list of names is an attractive one and is of itself sufficient testimony to the fact that earlier America was not adapted to studios and inspiration. The time has now come when a good study of the movement in its entirety would be interesting and instructive. Such a study would reveal also the truly fine contribution made by this country to the world's art. Whether or not the United States can now boast of an atmosphere suited to creative artistic endeavor is one question. But that we patronize art has become a platitude. The greatest danger of the present moment, as Mr. Jonas Lie pointed out in a recent address, is that our wealth will make us victims easily plucked by any canvas-coverer from a European studio. In older days there were Americans who paid handsomely for Peruna; just now there are some who write fat checks for daubs. What we need, therefore, is contact with artists of our own—years in which we feel that great American painters are at our elbows, doing their best with material afforded by our civilization and landscape. After that we shall be less inclined to believe that any fellow who wanders into New York with a French name and a box of water-colors, is the spiritual descendant of Rembrandt or the soul-mate of Degas.

THE fact that even the most sensible of the classics are hopelessly out of date becomes more apparent when you happen across some statement like this by Montaigne—"All the good rules have been laid down; it is merely necessary to put them into practice." Since the complacent old Frenchman said his prayers and died, our salvation has been proved contingent upon many charming scientific schemes. There was Comte and Fourier; there was Marx, and his practical disciple, Lenin. But among the more recent theories none is so debatable as Mr. Paul Bousfield's doctrine of feminine efficiency. It has been known to all times, he tells us, that the human race is divided into two basic groups—one of which is called male, and the other of which is usually labeled female. This is a magnificent, and absolutely unshakable, first premise. Where is the man who believes that an Englishman cannot be logical? But, continues the author, the many problems and troubles which disturb human society (and that there are such problems and troubles no one will deny) arise from the fact that these two groups have neither been nor are "absolutely" equal. We have talked a great deal about laws and suffrage, but that talk was but as the blast of a trombone before the band begins. What we really need is an efficient conservation of feminine energy. We must Taylorize the soul of woman. "Her energies are not concentrated, but are frequently displaced into a multitude of smaller things belonging to so-called feminine life. And her interests are too much turned on herself," declares Mr. Bousfield, who seems at times to have been reading the Ancren Riwle. What can be done? Psychology must come to the rescue. After a few seasons of patient Bousfieldian psychological applications,

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improvement will be evident and permanent. Well, we shall gladly watch the remedial process. We shall establish ourselves at a safe and comfortable distance. But just now it really seems to us that Mr. Bousfield has more psychology to learn than he has to teach.

A GLANCE over current German writing might lead one to conclude that spiritual devastation in Germany exceeds by far the physical devastation of France and Belgium. Out of the physical, material losses of the war, the Allied nations emerge with deep, perhaps ineffacable sorrows; with mental wounds, but healthy wounds, healing; with scars healed. But Germany's spiritual wounds are gangrened, if one is to judge by the subjects which fill the minds of her current writers. From the philosophical and almost untranslatable Downfall of Western Civilization, through Ernst Toller's Hinkemann, Masse Mensch, and his long list of sordid beastliness, to one who in lighter vein, complaining that no Germans laugh since the war, sets out to write something that will make every German laugh, there is no ray of hope, no spiritual and moral health; one suspects, no physical health. In particular, it is psychologically interesting to note the curious things which, according to our German author, must make every German laugh. Laughter is frequently more illuminating than are tears or rage.

CAILLAUX

ALMOST as dramatic as Napoleon's return from Elba, the return to power of Joseph Caillaux in France has stunned the conservative element in the political world everywhere. In our discussion last week of the familiar routine accompanying any important political crisis in France, we mentioned that beneath the surface Caillaux was fatuously training himself to be the financial savior of his country. We hardly expected to see him emerge in the open so quickly. He has accomplished a task of amazing audacity.

The full story of Caillaux, both before and during the days of the war, will probably not be known for many long years to come. Few men in the public life of any country have received what appeared at the time to be more deadly body blows than this man. Memory of the placards posted throughout the Paris streets showering anathemas upon "Caillaux the Traitor" is still fresh. It would seem that while any considerable body of war veterans still lived in France he would have no chance to show himself again in public life. Yet today he is Finance Minister of the French republic, in the same cabinet with the most astute politician of France—Aristide Briand.

If we were to offer an explanation of the national psychology which makes this feat possible, it would be this. In the spring and summer of 1917 France was in the ebb-tide of defeat. Anyone conversing freely with her soldiers in the canteens or on leave would have sensed the profound depths to which discouragement had carried the nation. There was loss of military confidence and utter bankruptcy of political confidence. While the party of Poincaré and Clemenceau was fighting for time until the American reinforcements could arrive, the group with which Caillaux was associated was (apparently) endeavoring to effect a compromise which would end the struggle before France was completely prostrated.

Just what these negotiations were, no one knows—but it is fairly clear that to a large body of French people they were not as sinister or as unpatriotic as the Poincaré-Clemenceau group would have us believe. We do not venture in any way to assert what actually happened. After all, we are dealing not so much with facts as with ideas which the man in the streets of France thinks are facts. A large body of French opinion was never fully convinced that M. Caillaux's treason was as black as his enemies painted it. Add to this the natural reaction against the recent policies of the Poincaré-Millerand government, the reaction against militarism and the general letting down of the war fever, and it is no longer difficult to understand why Caillaux, posing as the one man able to draw France out of the financial difficulties into which his enemies have plunged her, is able to stage an unexpected return to power. He has risked everything on this chance. For the sake of France herself, one can only hope that Caillaux may live to redeem one of the most unsavory reputations in international politics.

If his firm hand can pull the franc towards par and keep it there, we shall all thank that hand. Unfortunately M. Caillaux has said very little to reassure us concerning this anxious enterprise. He is opposed to a levy on capital; he believes in cutting down expenditures; and—he has alluded vaguely, romantically to "vast financial operations." These he keeps as secret as Houdini does a slightly different species of legerdemain. His published oratory, of which there is now a goodly bulk, sounds no note that has not been heard even in Tarascon.

But for the benefit of American readers, M. Caillaux has been both specific and original—though not on the subject of the franc. His return has been fringed with just another series of those excellently undocumented articles with which our newspapers pigeonhole conditions in France. The first of the Caillaux series, appearing in the New York World, is not a discussion of the budget or something equally boresome. It is an illuminating exposure, in the choicest radical manner, of the liberal attitude towards religious practice so characteristic of the French Left. It is a harrowing indictment of "the reactionary tendencies of the French clergy" who have allied themselves with "the defenders of fallen régimes against the republic." There has been no such thing as per-

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secution of Catholics; the school question in Alsace was raised by clerical intransigeance; and the Vatican embassy is a simple little detail of "foreign policy." All that is missing from the picture is a sinister Jesuit creeping through a subterranean passage with a few crimson lettres de cachet.

This dribble is worthy of attention only because it typifies the general trend of our publicity on French affairs. There has been no persecution of the church? M. Caillaux has every reason to remember that from the time of M. Combes to the day when the French government beat a hasty retreat from Paris to avoid decorating Von Kluk's cortége of prisoners, officers and officials were carefully watched so that those who went to the Sacraments could be proscribed. He might recall, if pressed, that the practice was discontinued only when Foch who had been curbed, and a dozen others whose "Jesuitism" had imposed upon them a strange discipline of silence, proved that the régime which had "respected their beliefs" was inefficient and rotten to the heart. And surely it needs no ancient historian to recall that the men who saved France were disciples of religious educators whom the friends of M. Caillaux very liberally stripped of their rights and their goods preliminary to an exile after the best traditions of Acadia and the Revolution. The roots of the school question in Alsace today lie just there. This "question" is simply a stand made with determination by Christian gentlemen who do not wish to see their teachers supplanted and ousted by a group which has preferred corruption to the Cross. It is a gesture of defense made by those whom thirty years of bitter experience have taught all they need to know about the benign liberality of the Left.

What is queer about the whole business is not that there should be a struggle in France or even that M. Caillaux should be permitted to write for the papers. The puzzling thing is this: after ten years of intimate Franco-American relations, we prepare to listen with solemn interest while Parisian ronfleurs, knocking demagogic ashes out of their pipes, use the platform of a great American newspaper to deny a series of facts which should be well known to that newspaper.

IS EDUCATION ADRIFT?

CRITICISM beats against the windows, drips incessantly from the eaves, of the American educational structure. For every filial soul who takes Alma Mater for what her name implies, there are six, less filial, to point out the wrinkles in her chin and the spots on her gown. Perhaps this is necessarily so. The public attitude towards education has changed basically during the last twenty years—so basically, in fact, that it is doubtful whether what is expected of the schools could possibly be reconciled with what the schools can offer. The university—perhaps also the secondary school—of yesterday was the affair of a limited social group which set its own interpretation upon the meaning of an educated man; today "mass-education" has become a reality to carry on which institutions designed for a totally different purpose are necessarily inadequate.

What is it that we demand of higher education? Certainly not that which Walter Pater defined so neatly as "the art, namely, of so relieving the ideal or poetic traits, the elements of distinction, in our every-day life—of so exclusively living in them—that the unadorned remainder of it, the mere drift and débris of our days, comes to be as though it were not." Such an art is manifestly for those who have the time, and the will, to be epicures. Certainly no such goal—nor the ideal of Newman's gentleman—is in the mind of John Joseph or Mary Susan when they stand hopefully in line at the bursar's window. They cannot separate "the elements of distinction" from the "mere drift" because they belong to a working population bound to the routine of industrial society and perennially dedicated to bettering its condition in the world. Newman, indeed, quotes Cicero to the effect that it is only after a man has met the economic requirements of a career that he has any business devoting himself to learning; but Newman was talking things over with a generation which still grouped the sons of the wealthy in Oxford and Cambridge, not dreaming that the populace would rise presently and call for sheep-skins.

On the other hand, the universities themselves have long since abandoned, for the most part, even any such generalization of culture as Pater and Newman implied. The scholar has been glorified—the scholar who buried his nose even beyond his eye-brows in a specialty; who, like the German savant visiting New York, could discuss only his private species of bugs; who, if he was a philosopher, was perforce content to rest his title on a discovery connected with motor-impulses. A professor of early American literature recently informed his class, in high seriousness, that the doctrine of Purgatory apparently still lingered on because there seemed to be somewhere—he wasn't quite sure where—a Catholic sodality which prayed for the dead! Noblesse oblige. The rotundity of the modern scholarly mind, testified to by a series of degrees, is often merely a pebble-like sphere which he compassed while writing his perfectly innocuous dissertation. How, then, can university teaching presume to accommodate the vast tide of youth bent on enlarging its mental windows and so getting a better look at the world?

But it is interesting to see that this problem—perhaps the great cultural problem of our time—is not merely American. Even Germany is given to debating it hotly, having to deal with its own crowds storming the Bastille of education. And it seems to us that one of the best suggestions made there or anywhere is that of Max Scheler, philosopher and sociologist, in his discussion of the university and the high school.

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He begins by saying that during the centuries following the establishment of the mediaeval universitas, higher education was called upon to serve ends wholly incompatible with one another. It was to preserve and hand down traditional European culture; it was to prepare leaders of various kinds for state, church and society; it was to foster conscientiously the progress of scientific investigation; it was to achieve a "manifold refashioning of the human personality;" and now finally it has been summoned to fertilize all strata of society with a simple, yet purposeful, presentation of learning and culture in their generic aspects.

How, asks Scheler, is the university to accomplish all these different things? In striving to do so, it fails not merely to reach one or the other of its goals, but halts its approach to them all. The scholar is hampered by the necessity of teaching, which often enough he is poorly fitted to undertake or physically unable to carry on. The teacher is degraded by the comparative lustre of the specialist who, from the vantage-ground of his Fach, looks upon all generalized culture as hopelessly superficial. In sober truth, a critical consideration of the modern university reminds one not a little of a deranged colony of ants, striving to draw water from a rock and sand from a pool.

Scheler proposes, therefore, a distribution of the various purposes to which the traditional university has been dedicated among a number of establishments devoted to higher education. He looks ahead to the development of present-day universities into specialized colleges, coördinated one with the other, and into a large number of institutions for independent research. Finally, he suggests the creation of separate colleges where synthetic teaching can be safely undertaken by adequately qualified men who will address themselves to the "upper crust" of the student body—colleges which may roughly be compared to the Collège de France. Under the supervision of this new hierarchical arrangement, he believes that the high-schools proper can gradually be made to serve their natural purpose, which is the dispensation of a well-rounded view of life.

These views of a great German educator deserve attention for themselves, just as they imply that the present university problem is not purely American. It may be, of course, that "mass education" is a fetich which has already been venerated far beyond its legitimate due. Obviously many a student now loiters through English III and Economics IV who could employ his time much more sensibly elsewhere. Surely there are other means of bringing the gifts of general culture to the doors of the average citizen. Perhaps it is time to begin thinking about making the press, the theatre, the motion-picture, art and music more immediately valuable social forces than they are at present. At any rate, the future can well afford to see endowments for the promotion of all these in the spirit of enlightened public service.

A GUILD AND ITS STANDARD

THE opening of the new playhouse of the Theatre Guild this last week was an event of more than local interest and importance. The Theatre Guild has come to symbolize very definitely a new and important aspect of the American theatre.

Until a few years ago the management of theatrical enterprises in this country was almost exclusively in the hands of a few long-established producers who, with occasional assistance from outside capital, pretty nearly determined what we should or should not see on the stage. In so far as these producers by long training became responsive to the interest and demands of the public, this system resulted in a fairly creditable history of American productions. Nevertheless, the system had one serious defect. It was very difficult to obtain a production for plays of the more serious type or for plays whose appeal to popular interest had not yet been determined. Here and there an audacious producer would risk considerable capital in a play that was frankly an experiment. But a few disasters, not always due so much to the plays themselves as to their inadequate or inappropriate production, tended to discourage all except the bravest.

Today, the Theatre Guild as the outgrowth of the experimental group once known as the Washington Square Players, has opened up an entirely new channel for the production of new or untried types of plays in New York. The Guild, patterning itself almost instinctively after the model of the guilds of the middle-ages, conceived the idea of having the actors and artists themselves produce worth-while plays. This enabled the Guild greatly to lower the initial costs of production, since its members agreed at the start to take ridiculously small salaries and to wait for their full compensation until each enterprise had proved itself a popular success. The growth and tenacity of this group have won an almost astonishing success. Through its 14,000 seasonal subscribers, the Guild is practically assured of an underwriting for every play it wishes to bring out. So great has been the popular response that the Guild was enabled to raise the necessary funds to construct the new theatre, whose opening it has just celebrated with a revival of Bernard Shaw's Caesar and Cleopatra.

Along with this success comes a severe responsibility. When success smiles upon an enterprise in this way, there is often a great danger of a change in the mental attitude of its directors. The man with little capital often risks all he has for an ideal. If the Theatre Guild sees to it that its early sincerity is rigorously maintained, even in its days of prosperity, then it will deserve an unusual measure of acclaim. In the meantime, the natural corrective is appearing in the form of numerous other small groups of producers also operating on the seasonal subscription basis. Their competition alone may prove enough to keep the work of the Guild to its traditional high standard.

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WHAT IS HAPPENING IN MEXICO?

II. PRESIDENT CALLES SPEAKS

By FRANCIS McCULLAGH

IN MY first article I described the attack made on the church of La Soledad, an attack which any just government would have punished by the infliction of long terms of imprisonment on the intruders. President Calles prevented any punishment at all being inflicted on the criminals. Like most Presidents in Mexico, he acts more like a Czar than like the first citizen of a republic. He runs the Foreign Office himself, and, when the humor takes him, he dictates the decisions of the Minister of Justice, of the judges, of the Chief-of-Police, and of the other public officials. A half-caste, uneducated, he is of a low order of intelligence. Of constitutional government as the Americans and the British understand it, he has not the slightest idea.

That he has in his head several good intentions, I admit; but owing to his savage temper, his lack of education, and the way in which he tries to carry out those intentions, they are a danger to the public. He wishes to help the oppressed peon, but he only demoralizes him by giving him the property of others without compensating those others. Charity does not consist in giving away land which does not belong to you. The money which *does* belong to General Calles (whose bank account is growing larger day by day) he keeps strictly for himself. It is notorious that most Mexican Presidents are corrupt—so notorious that Obregon, the last President, used cheerfully to confess in public—"We are all thieves." Then, pointing to his amputated arm, he would recommend himself for office on the ground that he had only one hand wherewith to steal the public money, whereas each of his rivals had two. But one would expect something better from Calles, who professes to be an idealist and an admirer of Lenin—who, after all, died poor.

Calles must also be recognized as a fanatical prohibitionist, but he enforced Prohibition in Sonora when he was governor there, by shooting "bootleggers" on sight—another example of his arbitrary and unconstitutional methods. Some years ago he fell under Russian Bolshevist influences; and one can easily conceive the effect on that half-baked intelligence of the reverberating phrases of Lenin, and the unsound, though fascinating, theories of Marx and Bukharin. It seemed before his accession to office, that he would make Mexico as red as Moscow, but his journey abroad and especially his interview with Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Hughes and other American statesmen in Washington somewhat sobered him for a time. These statesmen threw the late Samuel Gompers in his way, exactly as one would direct to some useful and harmless object the attention of an unruly child who was playing with a razor; and ever since his affections have been divided between the American Federation of Labor and "Comrade" Stanislas Pestkowsky, the Bolshevist minister in Mexico. He has always harbored an intense hatred for the Catholic Church. This hatred he showed when he was governor of Sonora, and it was well known in Mexico three months ago, that he would certainly endeavor to gratify it while holding the position of President. After a lecture which I delivered in Chicago on January 26, I was told by a particularly well-informed authority on Mexican affairs that I should go at once to Mexico City if I wanted to witness the launching of a persecution as relentless as that to which Archbishop Cieplak fell a victim in Moscow two years ago.

Let us see how President Calles treated the case of La Soledad. I shall quote from the public declaration he made to the Mexican press on March 14—

"In religious as well as in labor matters," he said, loftily, "I will always work in accordance with the law." Then he added that "if the Mexican Catholics want churches for the exercise of their religion, they have the right to ask for them, and their demand will be granted."

By "Mexican Catholics" he meant the "schismatics" who call themselves the "Catholic, Apostolic, Mexican Church." He has a right to call them whatever he likes, but he has no right to give churches to them. Surely a new sect should build its own churches.

"If the Patriarch Perez," he continued, "wants any of the churches which belong to the government, that church will be given to him. The only exception is the church of La Soledad, because that church is already destined for the Minister of Public Instruction."

As a matter of fact, the beautiful old church of Saint Teresa, now used as a government printing-office, is apparently about to be given to "Patriarch" Perez, though President Obregon solemnly declared, in an edict published in 1922, that this church would be restored to the Catholics, from whom it had been wrongfully taken (without compensation, of course) as soon as another building had been found for the printers—and though Calles has announced that he will continue the policy of Obregon. President Calles will not, therefore, allow the schismatics to retain churches which they have seized, though he will not punish them for attempting to seize churches, even though such attempts involve grave disturbances and the infliction of personal injury on citizens.

The President meant to leave Perez in possession

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of La Soledad, and it was only the outburst of indignation which took place that made him change his mind. Judging from his statement, however, he will not allow the schismatics to retain possession of the churches which they have seized, but churches which the government had previously seized may be handed over to them. This is a distinction without a difference. How long must a church be in the hands of the government before it can be handed over to "Patriarch" Perez? Possibly that bogus Pontiff may get La Soledad if he asks for it next month.

The President next went on to attack "several prominent members of the Roman Church who have tried to get up an agitation in the country and to preach disobedience to the laws." "I have," he emphatically declared, "given instructions to the local authorities to proceed with all energy against those priests and dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, whatever their rank may be, to hand them over to the judicial authorities, and to close the churches in which they are carrying on this agitation."

This outburst is, of course, utterly irrelevant. The question at issue was of a crime publicly committed by "Patriarch" Perez and his gang of gunmen; but instead of assuring his hearers that Perez and his merrymen will be placed on trial, he says mildly that he will present them with any church they ask for, if it is at present in the hands of the government, and then switches off into a vague and frenzied denunciation of priests whose names he cannot give and whose crimes he cannot specify. If any priest has broken the law, let him be prosecuted. And what about beginning with "Patriarch" Perez?

In conclusion, the President announced that "the government entrusted to me has firmly decided to make the laws respected, and to insist on the maintenance of public order."

This presidential pronouncement is almost Gilbertian in its absurdity, and the attitude of the government became still more absurd when Dr. Gilberto Valenzuela, the farcical Minister of the Interior, came out with an energetic echo of the President's words. Dr. Valenzuela said that he would stand no nonsense but would send to prison all who broke the law or created disturbances in churches. Another echo came from the Chief-of-Police, who gave the press to understand that he had his eye on the situation and would allow no disturbance of the public order. Not to be outdone, the Licentiate Enrique Delhumeau, secretary of the Governor of the Federal District, announced resolutely that he would preserve order at all costs, that a piquet of gendarmes had in fact been sent to La Soledad "to repress the disorders." And all this time "Patriarch" Perez was in wrongful possession of the church and the parochial-house!

The President promised to give "the Mexican Christians" any churches they asked for, but churches need priests to attend to them, and so far the Patriarch has got only one clerical follower. Moreover, there is no laity in the new "sect," for most of the 100 cut-throats who follow the banner of the Patriarch are policemen. A Mexican policeman has little time to search the Scriptures: he is too much occupied searching people's pockets. The Excelsior of Mexico is at present publishing a series of articles on the utter corruption of the local police force, and from these disclosures it is evident that picking pockets is not the worst fault to be laid at the door of the Mexican policeman: he also indulges in assassination.

La Soledad is now being taken over by the Department of Education, which is going to turn it into a museum. One would have thought that Dr. Puig, the Minister of Education in Mexico, where 86 percent of the people are illiterate, might more profitably devote his attention to the foundation of primary schools for teaching the alphabet; but Dr. Puig is an ambitious man, and he has already told the local reporters that he will convert La Soledad into a permanent exhibition of national art, and that he will also use it occasionally for musical recitals "so as to popularize classical and vernacular music."

Mr. Diego Rivera, "the popular Mexican painter," has had long conferences, we are told, with Dr. Puig "about the extremely rich collection of pictures in La Soledad . . . The only church which has, possibly, a richer collection of pictures is the Basilica of Guadalupe. There are in La Soledad some eighteenth-century paintings of inestimable value." So Dr. Puig is going to entrust Mr. Diego Rivera with the task of "carefully classifying" the artistic treasures of this stolen church, and probably other wretched hangers-on will get other jobs in the same connection. Some of the oil paintings will perhaps find their way northward; perhaps to the advantage of Señor Plutarco Elias's private bank account, and the one or two which escape will find their way into the national museum which already contains many beautiful paintings from the suppressed monastery of Saint Francis, all of them bearing pathetic inscriptions which show that they were painted for that monastery, and intended to remain in it, per saecula saeculorum. Were it not for the old bishops and abbots, Mexico would be poor indeed, in specimens of beautiful architecture and painting. A long list of churches and religious foundations which have been converted to civil uses could easily be drawn up. At the head of that list would be the public library, once an Augustinian church; the government printing-office, once the church of Saint Teresa; and the Jesuit college of Saint Ignatius. At the end of the list we shall put the church of La Soledad.

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WHEN DO WE PEOPLE RULE?

By DON C. SEITZ

LIKE some other phrases designed to depict the delights of democracy, "rule of the majority" is a lie. The majority seldom rule. Pluralities are masters, and in the divided state customary in a republic, work their will—and much mischief.

The exceedingly able gentleman who constructed the Constitution of the United States, while supplying a model method of uniting diverse commonwealths, did not provide for popular or any other rule. The Constitution is a combination of compromises, the result of which does not give even the people power. In its finality, nobody rules, save in time of war, when democracy retires and despotism takes its place under the war powers of the President. The rest of the time, Congress, Senate, and President are all in a position to defeat each other, and in the end to be defeated by the United States Supreme Court. Even this body is not omnipotent. It cannot enforce its decrees without the aid of the machinery of the Department of Justice, which may have to lean upon the President. We have instances of this in Andrew Jackson's defiance of John Marshall, and the northern disregard of the Fugitive Slave Law. Nation-wide Prohibition provided by a constitutional amendment sustained by the Supreme Court, is undergoing a strain on like lines. Vide Florida and Wisconsin, Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Of course it was not the purpose of the Constitution constructors to let the people rule. They were not trusted; perhaps they should not be, but they might at least have a chance. The government was not to be popular but representative. We were to choose wise electors—"best minds"—who were to meet in dignified seclusion and select some one worthy to be our President. This was deemed a superlative solution. The people could vote for best minds, but no more. The electors did the rest. Quite properly this system broke down early in the game, but it is gravely to be doubted if it would have worked even if fairly tried. Great interests would soon enough have "reached" the electors. The popular will saw this and insisted on having candidates named in conventions. Yet even here we fail as impotently as under the electoral system. The ambitious could then carry out their purposes by selecting electors. Now they select delegates. Much invidious comment was provoked by the long drawn-out Democratic national convention of 1924. Yet it was merely a continuation of the old idea. The delegates were picked by candidates. They did not meet as free representatives of these states, but as agents for the men who selected and sent them. This is not popular representation. The "instructed" delegate is as bad as a selected elector. When you add to this plurality as a method of choice at the polls, the calamity becomes complete.

In its beginnings, the Presidency had some narrow escapes. Aaron Burr nearly defeated Jefferson, and on the method then in use became Vice-President. Jefferson made Madison his successor, and he took care that Monroe should succeed. A break came in this form of Mexicanizing when Andrew Jackson interrupted the over-lordship of Virginia. Yet with a majority in the popular vote he was defeated by the electors, of whom John Quincy Adams secured the most. He came back the next time with a majority both from the people and the college. But the system underwent no further change and is with us today.

From the defeat of Van Buren to the election of Franklin Pierce, the South furnished two Presidents—Polk and Zachary Taylor. It gained and lost one by chance. John Tyler succeeded Harrison by the latter's death, so the North lost the White House. In return Zachary Taylor died and Millard Fillmore came into power from the North. Pierce and Buchanan were northern men with southern proclivities. The Congress and the Supreme Court represented the slave-holding minority. Resentment of this brought the Republican party into being as a radical body, and so supplied the greatest popular disaster that ever befell the country in the election of Abraham Lincoln under the plurality system in 1860, bringing as it did civil war with all its horrors and consequences, including a racial problem that is still unsolved. I write this as a profound supporter of human liberty, as one born with anti-slavery in his blood and a deep belief in democracy. But we must consider facts and deal with consequences. The problem is not to make the world safe for democracy, but to make democracy safe in the world.

Lincoln had said that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and that the country could not endure half slave and half free. Yet slavery became more divided than the country, and thus unwittingly ended itself. Because of its machinations and stupidities, three candidates opposed Lincoln in 1860—Stephen A. Douglas, John C. Breckinridge and John Bell. In the election that followed, a vote of 4,676,853 was cast, of which Lincoln received but 1,866,352. Douglas polled 1,375,157, Breckinridge 845,763, and Bell 589,581—the last being the remnant of the Whigs. So under our electoral system, Lincoln had 180 votes in the college, Breckinridge 72, Bell 39, and Douglas, with the second largest showing, but 12. The popular majority against Lincoln was 2,810,501. There should be small wonder then, that with Republican promises in view, the South should have seceded and much of the North turned "copperhead."

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Lincoln's second election was a military affair, not a popular plebiscite. The army voted in the field and all one way—so far as the returns went. The Liberator was triumphant, although he had seriously feared defeat. To have elected George B. McClellan at this juncture would have been as great a mistake as was the choice of U. S. Grant that followed. Yet with all the army advantage, Lincoln led by only 407,342. Grant's two victories were held in a land under reconstruction, where all the people could not vote, and where the electoral system kept a President in power while the people sent an opposition Congress to express their will—vainly, as usual.

In 1876 the people failed again. Samuel J. Tilden had a majority of nearly 250,935 on the popular vote, could he have received it outright. The rejection of the majorities in disputed states would still have left him victor and the people given their will. The electoral vote provided a way of thwarting this.

Again in 1880, James A. Garfield was in 311,300 minority on the popular vote. Cleveland, though elected in 1884, had a plurality of 62,783, but on the popular vote was more than 222,951 below a majority; while in 1888 Harrison, who won the electors, was half a million behind in the full voting. Mr. Cleveland became a minority President again in 1892, thanks to a popular vote that gave him states, but left him 945,515 less than a majority.

Bryan scared the public into giving William McKinley a popular vote over all of 286,456 in 1896, and by his persistence as a factor kept majorities in power sixteen years.

Then followed again the situation of 1860, with its enormous consequences. In 1912 Theodore Roosevelt split his party, and Woodrow Wilson was elected by plurality. The popular majority against him was 2,450,504. Nor did Wilson win by a majority over all in 1916. The field led him by 244,147, on a slogan that he "kept us out of war." As he did not, popular vote took an account of itself and in 1920 handed out a real majority of some seven millions, including ladies. This is the record.

How about the future? The election of 1924 showed signs of slipping back to the old ways. Coolidge had a plurality a million less than Harding's majority. His vote was 400,000 less—his majority over all but 2,321,141. This is no great matter in a total of 29,176,919 ballots. A shift of 10 percent would have put him in the minority—and may await him next time.

AN INTERNATIONAL ETHIC

By JOSEPH KEATING

IN A recent number of Foreign Affairs, Principal Jacks achieved a very clear and acute diagnosis of present and past international relations, and pointed out what he thought was necessary if they are to improve in the future. Yet to one who looks at the matter from the traditional standpoint of the Catholic Church, some parts of that diagnosis will appear incorrect and the remedy suggested in some degree inadequate.

Dr. Jacks thinks that an international ethic must be sought for pragmatically and discovered by trial and experience, just as national communities have discovered by trial and experience the advantages of living under a common law. Catholics on the other hand hold that the desired code already exists, prior to all human search and determination, in the eternal law of God implanted in the heart of man and confirmed by Christ's revelation. All that is needed is to induce the nations, which already enforce that law within their own borders in its social bearings, to recognize it in their dealings with one another.

Civil law in its regulation of the mutual intercourse of citizens takes for granted the principles of justice expressed in the Decalogue. Murder, lying, theft, perjury, obscenity, even blasphemy and violations of Sunday observance, are all reckoned as criminal offenses against the state as well as sins against God. They do not change their character by being perpetrated internationally. The distinction between right and wrong is as valid for the community as for the individual.

There have been, and still are, moralists who think otherwise, whose standard is expressed in the celebrated aspiration—"My country, may she be ever right: but my country, right or wrong!" From the days of Machiavelli they have proclaimed in word and deed that national interest is the highest good, and that no moral considerations should be allowed to stand in its way. The Prussian, though he may have been the most logical exponent of this creed, has had his counterpart in every nation. Few writers have expounded the text that "might makes right" with greater force than the Americans, Admiral Mahan, author of The Influence of Sea Power upon History, etc., and General Homer Lea, author of The Day of the Saxon and The Valour of Ignorance. Even when the outcry against German militarism was loudest, writers in the English press were expressing in regard to Great Britain exactly the same claims as they were denouncing in the German, and Lord Roberts himself before the outbreak said of the notorious Bernhardi book, Germany and the Next War, that we should not regard it "with any feelings save those of respect."

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Such an attitude the Catholic regards as definitely anti-Christian: it would reduce the governing principle of our civilization to the law of the jungle: it would reproduce, if adopted, the evils of paganism, when society rested on slave labor and liberty was restricted to the rich and powerful. That it should be so widely advocated shows how far our civilization has departed from the ideal to which it owes its existence, and how much must be done before the international ethic, provided by God's law, can be made effective. It may perhaps help to a fuller understanding of a matter of such vital importance to the welfare of humanity, if an attempt is made to set forth the Catholic conception of how that ideal can be made once more the inspiration of humanity.

In the first place, the Catholic considers that the question is necessarily connected with religion. His thought is guided by the doctrine of the Fall which involves the belief that mankind can never reach perfection even in the natural order by the use of reason and other human faculties alone: supernatural help is needed to counteract the vitiating effects of original sin, effects which are summed up and centred in excessive self-regard. Consequently he has no expectation of the actual establishment of permanent peace amongst men, since it is very unlikely that all the nations of the earth will simultaneously become so spiritually enlightened and strengthened as to refrain altogether from the injustice that selfishness engenders. At best, he hopes that the state of the world, when it is delivered from its present chaos, will resemble that of a well-ordered community wherein evil exists and is ever energizing but is effectively kept in check or restored to obedience by the dominant forces of law.

And even that condition of affairs will not be established without the influence of religion—that is, without an observance of law motived by conscience rather than by external pressure. In this, history comes to reinforce Catholic teaching. Civilization, imperfect and inadequate as it now is, is not the result, even so, of merely natural forces, the painful outcome of mistake and recovery, but has been built up upon the Christian principle of human responsibility to an omnipotent Creator and Judge, and upon the living and loveable example of the unselfish Christ. The ancient civilizations could do much to beautify and regulate life externally: they could not, and did not, regenerate the heart. The natural law was not enough. It needed renewed promulgation and enforcement by Christ, it needed to be expounded and supernaturalized by the Church He founded, before it could rebuild the shattered empire of Rome on surer and more lasting foundations. What the practical genius of pagan Rome had constructed would have perished under the barbarian assault, had not Christianity tamed and taught and inspired the assailants, and so founded our modern European civilization. It is only natural to suppose that the same influences which have created regard for order and justice within each state will be needed to establish inter-state relations on the same basis of law.

Accordingly, in the Catholic conception, we must get back to a public recognition of God and of human responsibility to Him, if we are to establish a real international ethic. That recognition was accorded in undivided Christendom, however powerless to prevent much injustice. The American Declaration of Independence based human rights on the will of God and later still, hardly more than a century ago, a much more explicit Declaration of Divine Rights was made in the preamble of the treaty known as the Holy Alliance. It is worth while to quote a portion of this declaration which bears so directly on our subject. It begins—

> In the name of the most Holy and Indivisible Trinity, Their Majesties, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia . . . solemnly declare that the present act has no other object than to publish in the face of the whole world their fixed resolution, both in the administration of their respective states and in their political relations with every other government, to take for their sole guide the precepts of that Holy Religion, namely, the precepts of Justice, Christian Charity and Peace, which far from being applicable only to private concerns, must have an immediate influence upon the counsels of princes and guide all their steps, as being the only means of consolidating human institutions and remedying their imperfections.

The second of the three articles which follow declare that "the Christian world, of which the contracting monarchs and their peoples form part, has in reality no other Sovereign than Him to whom alone power really belongs."

Metternich, a politician of the school of Machiavelli, called this declaration "a loud-sounding nothing." Castlereagh, from the practical British standpoint, found it a "medley of mystical and sublime nonsense," and thought that probably the Czar alone had any intention of acting in accord with it—and historians as a rule comment on its "mystic idealism," yet, as a matter of sober fact, the act states without any exaggeration the only sure grounds for right dealing between states. Unless God is above all to rule and guide, the sovereign state becomes a law unto itself, and its own material and earthly interests its chief concern. External force takes the place of conscience—might stands for right. Whatever may have been their theories, the statesmen who derided the principles of the Holy Alliance—Metternich, Castlereagh, and in a later generation Bismarck, Napoleon III and Cavour (no politicians ever professed more cynically the immoral doctrine that the end justifies the means than the men who made United Italy. Cavour once said to d'Azeglio—"if we did for ourselves what we are doing for Italy, we should be great ruffians,") rejected in practice the obligations of Christian morality in their international dealings—and the

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result has certainly not been justice and peace. It is well worth noting that the immoral conception that everything is lawful which is capable of being enforced is a direct inference from the teaching of a great English jurist, John Austin, whose influence, though still great, is happily on the wane. He derives the whole authority of law from the physical force behind it, a theory which is prejudicial enough in home affairs, but which results in militarism in foreign relations. It justifies despotism in the Roman emperors, and condemns as rebels the Christian martyrs who chose to obey God rather than man.

If it be objected that to impose the precepts of Christianity on a world in which Christians are still in a minority, would be to exalt one great religion (even though it happen to be the true one) at the expense of the rest, the answer is obvious. It would certainly not be just to enforce on all nations, Christian, Jew and pagan alike, a specifically Christian code—but the law of justice expressed in the Decalogue is anterior to all institutional religion, being part of man's equipment as man, the rule of right reason dictating a moral obligation to render both to God and neighbor, their due. Civilized men have a right to expect the observance of this rule in those with whom they come into contact, and so have civilized nations. To be incapable of realizing those natural obligations is a mark of imperfect mental development—to be unwilling to fulfil them shows a lack of moral culture. If there are any human groups so backward, the more civilized have a right, if not a duty, to help those who are still in cultural childhood to advance. In that spirit the United States has forbidden simultaneous polygamy to certain of its subjects, and Great Britain has prohibited "suttee" and similar immoralities in India. So acting, those governments are enforcing the natural law, not imposing the particular tenets of Christianity. If only so much were done in the international sphere, we should have peace. Of course Christ, who came not to destroy but to fulfil, has enormously deepened and strengthened our knowledge of the scope and application of the natural law, and has added many sanctions, both of reward and punishment, to those discoverable by reason. The Incarnation, moreover, has enormously increased both the privileges and the responsibilities of those to whom it is adequately made known. Still, the basis of all right dealing between nation and nation is to be found in the natural law apart from the added light and strength due to Christianity.

(*This is the first of two articles by Joseph Keating, the second of which will appear in an early issue.—The Editors.*)

THE SCHOOL OF SARGENT

By MORTON ZABEL

ALTHOUGH John Singer Sargent's personal relationship with America had reduced itself to occasional visits, Americans had, upon his recent death, the opportunity of congratulating themselves again that this outstanding figure in modern art belonged ultimately to them. He was continental by training and preferred associations, and English by adopted residence; yet in his memorable paintings there is definitely the feeling of vigor, fluency, and variety of contacts which his nationality would warrant. Art, grown within his lifetime from the schooled service of academic conservatism into the full flourish of a new spirit, found in him a disciple who was destined to become an international influence. With a native cosmopolitanism which earned for him at once a wide recognition and an eager following, this artist reduced the eloquent tendencies of his genius to a definite, firmly-founded style, the inspiration of three whole decades of portraitists and the key to a newly inspired ideal. Like Whistler, he was open in his preference for other surroundings and sympathies than those birth gave him; but, unlike Whistler, he did not stop at making use of the spirit of an awakening nation, just growing into that consciousness which always instils into art its final truth.

Only a year has passed since the retrospective exhibition of Sargent's paintings was held in the Grand Central Galleries—a display which gave full opportunity for an intelligent survey of his achievement. This showing was memorable for the varieties of impression made on the critics who were no longer interested in looking for technical merit, but who recognized the deeper message of the work they saw before them. Just as any master, in passing out of the range of questioned craftsmanship, comes within the borders of philosophy, so Sargent showed his stature by calling forth attempts at placing him among the world geniuses. It had become no longer a matter of referring to the swift, expansive brush-work, the singing pools of color, the unfailing composition, the flawless modeling, the firm command. Three decades of discovering these had finally sufficed; and in claiming Sargent as a heritage, America was for the first time trying to do what she had never done with another painter: fix him as a deity in a forming aesthetic tradition. That tradition had, up to the twentieth century, found something indigenous mainly in the crafts: early colonial furniture and architecture, city structures, and later industrial concepts. Here, possibly, was an artist who, in spite of his French and German schooling, his Italian and English associations, and his foreign tastes, might owe the ultimate to his American instincts. Where one

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critic (Mr. Cortissoz) would have carried this to the point of judging Sargent the greatest living artist and attaching some of that fame's importance to American background, another (Mr. Young) preferred to note in the superb technique and breathing beauty of the pictures a lack of the conscious authenticity, the eternal matter of all art. The others ranged themselves in lines of eulogy and broke no bonds with established opinion—that Sargent was always great and finally ours.

But apart from the personal phases of his art, apart from the long period of his labors (still in progress the day before he was found lifeless in bed on April 15), and apart from the profounder aspects of his art which time as always will determine, there is a social and an historical side to this artist which make his name significant and relate everyone to him. During the forty years of active work, he outlived a multitude of tendencies. He grew from youth to old age in a period when a new spirit was being defined. That his own work never varied from a unified standard is a tribute first to his unerring skill, and secondly to his insight which permitted him to strike an essential note which all painters have respected.

When Sargent was studying in Paris under Carolus Duran, the wind was being sown for an abundant whirlwind. The undercurrents of impressionism, symbolism, and modernism were already working among the Frenchmen who were finally to be recognized—first as revolutionists, and later as accepted masters only too conventional in the light of such mutinies as cubism and dadaism. The Beaux-Arts was experiencing the genuine tortures of revolt from reserve and the orders of tradition. The sentimentalism of the Bohemians was giving way to the stern demands of realism, and the younger men were beginning to have visions of group movements. Julian was starting to realize that strange spirits were using his training as a basis for despotism. In Germany the lack of genius in anything save design was giving way to an avowed interest in naturalism, which has brushed skirts with brutality and has also produced some of the finest grandiose art since Michelangelo. Italy was wondering if her golden age was returning with a new era—a wonder since revealed as ill-founded. Spain, whose artists have such close ties with Sargent, was starting to develop kindred spirits like Sorolla y Bastida, Sert, and Zuloaga. The influence of Velasquez (already known to Sargent in his early Portrait of My Sister) was alive in a brilliant group who were to represent their country's most vivid tradition. But in England, except for the lingering throes of the Pre-Raphaelite movement and an obsession for anecdotal art, the old academic spirit was ruthless in its demands. And in America the first spirits, like Duveneck, Blum, Twachtman and White, were in the groping stages of attainment. Inauspiciously but surely, Sargent brought the new breath into the halls of the Royal Academy and the American galleries. Having the advantage of early recognition, he was soon able to claim his position as prophet and it is that note which makes him important now. His essential matter gathers its strength not from any hidden meanings, for his art is at all times an open art; he lacks the suave mysticism of Carriere, the symbolism of Besnard, the confusing devices of Whistler, the patient analysis of Monet, and the portentous might of Rodin. Of the spirit of each he has a part, and he gave it to the world before it had fully understood any of them.

One constantly hears discussions of Sargent's influence, of the school of which he stands head. The reality which he brought to many painters, the encouraging freshness which won him followers, and the unleashed yet controlled brush-work which is his most obvious property have suggested to many commentators that as a leader Sargent will live longest. Such leadership invariably refers to painters. To name, without particular forethought, the men who show something of his manner would be to gather together a great number of names. In portraiture, Sargent's true sphere, and also in genre painting, mural decoration, and architectural concepts, there are only too many artists who willingly acknowledge a leadership in him. But is this the place to look for the true importance of a man whom we are to grant final honors? Competition alone rules this canon out, since such distinction would attend upon many another figure in contemporary literature and art. If Sargent has a significant school, it is that school of admirers and lovers who have found in him their introduction to the subtler meaning of painting. Before Whistler, Conder, and Lewis meant anything to an Englishman, Sargent was a breathing reality. Before Hassam, Homer, Dewing, and Bellows had been proclaimed outstanding names in American art, Sargent had already won a following for whom he was a connecting link between old accepted standards and strange new tendencies. France was still inhospitable toward some of her essential spirits when she admitted his pictures into the Luxembourg. Like occasional literary figures (George Eliot, Hawthorne, Tolstoy, Huysmans) two natures struggled within this man and the finer one was outstanding in the end. In the early Capri sketches we can still detect something dangerously Vedder-like which would have been the ruin of an outlook like Sargent's. The decorative spirit in Carnation Lily, Lily Rose and the Portrait of My Sister was soon smoothed down into an organic unity of feeling. The mixture of design and naturalism which stirred up such discussions when the frieze of the Prophets was unveiled in the Boston Library finally found a solid separation of the warring elements. The fine course of his development was never one of startling alterations or of spasmodic shifting from one form to another. Gradually the fullness crept into the canvases, the rich, life-like body found itself beneath the flesh, and, lead-

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ing his school of watchers along with him, Sargent was finally able to stand declared, a full artist. That fulfilment was apparent at the Royal Academy exhibition in London last summer. Sargent was represented by only one canvas, and that not an outstanding achievement—the portrait of Sir Philip Sassoon. Yet there it hung, an authentic piece of paint, rich in intelligence and complete in purpose. The labored accuracy of Dicksee and Cope, the fine new genius of Glyn Philpot, the pert gestures of Sims in his portrait of the King, and the poetry of Shannon, Ricketts, Flint, and Connard all seemed to blend in their relationship to this one portrait; it was the key-note to all the art the exhibition represented. It seemed to hang among the pictures and to say completely just what art in its pungent terms must mean to the average man. In that average man Sargent has found a school wherein his fine, impressive fame shall find real permanence.

The real genius of Sargent is not far to seek. The essential spirit of theme is the thing which he seemed able to cull out of everything, with the sureness with which he struck a likeness. One sees in the portrait of Lord Ribblesdale the very heart of sensitive restraint and honored tradition; Madame X. catches the history of people of the world in one superb pose; the Wertheimer group brings us to feel the whole domestic unity of race and breeding; the landscapes, whether of a bland evening in the Luxembourg gardens or a tumble of marble at Carrara, overflow with the spirit of place; diplomatic figures are grave in dignity and ladies of society quiver with their charm. The mural paintings escape the ponderous elevation of Blashfield, the austere simplicity of Puvis de Chavannes, and the historical variety of Abbey. But they do bring the vast space of a wall to realize that it must hurl life and meaning to an onlooker. Sargent is far from having a conspicuous spiritual note in his work; he never gives sign of spiritual experience or detailed religious feeling; but in painting such a splendid Virgin as that in the Harvard memorial, with her rich robes, her bright crown, her barricade of candles, her pierced heart, the sheaf of swords clasped to her bosom, and yet with the beauty of her Conception starting from her face, he shows that even here he stands prepared to give the quiddity of his theme.

One wanders among Sargent's paintings in an exhibition and tries to analyze their personal force. They do not impress with such power that their loveliness is overcome, neither do they charm with such pursuasiveness that their ultimate meaning is lost. Corot may run thin and Rubens may overpower—but Sargent keeps alive the interest and holds the mind alert. Without thorough knowledge it is difficult to realize the magnificence of Rembrandt or the wonder of Italian primitives; Sargent leads on to these by reproducing their color, their completeness, and their richness in interpretive terms. The rich wine-red in Mrs. Inches's gown prepares for the same color in an El Greco; in the splendor of the tapestry behind Ada Rehan there is a lesson in the Florentine masters; the lovely composition of The Three Graces teaches one suddenly to know the foundations of eighteenth-century schools. Thus we are aware of Sargent's service: where he lacks the profound material of genius, he shows us unerringly where to find it and how to find it. He gives us much, and tells us where to find what he lacks. The art-lovers for whom he has performed this service, constitute the real school in which his genius will live.

A CANADIAN CENTENNIAL

By M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

ON APRIL 13, 1825, there was born in Carlingford, Ireland, Thomas D'Arcy McGee. On April 7, 1868, there fell in Ottawa, Canada, by an assassin's hand, Thomas D'Arcy McGee. On April 13, this year, Canada celebrated the centenary of this historic figure who, revolutionist under British injustice in Ireland, lived to become one of the Fathers of Confederation under British justice in Canada, and whose fame as orator, statesman and conciliator of creeds and races, gives him a place in the Dominion's Valhalla as secure as that of Laurier or Macdonald.

Few more imposing events have been witnessed in Canada. The representative of His Majesty King George, the Prime Minister and members of his cabinet, the leader of the official opposition, the Speaker of the House of Commons; Protestant and Catholic, Orange and Green, Liberal and Conservative, capitalist and representative of labor—all united in homage to the achievements of McGee. Seldom has there been finer repudiation of the charge that Catholicism and the highest patriotism are antagonistic things.

Political biography tells little more dramatic than the story of D'Arcy McGee. Forced to emigrate from Ireland at the age of seventeen, and landing in Boston penniless and friendless, an oration which he delivered at a Fourth of July celebration secured him a position on the Boston Pilot. On that journal, famous at the time, he speedily won recognition, and one year later at the age of eighteen, he became its assistant editor. The Native American, or Know-Nothing party, was then at its beginning, and McGee, devoted to the cause of his fellow-countrymen seeking a footing in the United States, strove valiantly on their behalf. By writings and lectures, remarkable for their breadth and culture, he provided powerful ammunition against

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the enemy's assault, producing among other things, O'Connell and His Friends—a work which for many years remained the only accessible handbook of Irish political life to be found in the United States. McGee's fame soon reached Ireland, where O'Connell spoke of the "inspired eloquence of a young Irish exile in America;" and he was summoned home to join the staff of the historic Freeman's Journal.

In 1846—a year memorable for his country—he became an associate of the young men who founded the Dublin Nation. His colleagues were John Mitchell, grandfather of John Purroy Mitchell, who became mayor of New York—Charles Gavan Duffy, who became a Prime Minister of Australia—Thomas Davis, greatest of the Young Irelanders—and Thomas Francis Meagher—"Meagher of the Sword"—later to fight so gallantly in America's Civil War. No more brilliant band of young intellectuals ever battled for a cause in any land; but it was the old story of heroic effort, of crushing disaster, of miserable defeat. The Education scheme, the Repeal movement, the Young Irelanders, everything of hope and promise that lived and moved in Ireland perished—and D'Arcy McGee escaped to America with a price upon his head.

In the United States McGee failed to secure the full fruits of his talents. He was equipped with a culture and an ability superior to the attainments of the majority of his contemporaries. But he never fully entered into the intellectual life of the American people, and in fact never became a naturalized American. His literary and poetic and historical learning was not appreciated in the United States of the 'forties and 'fifties; so after nine years of stormy journalism, years in which Know-Nothingism saw the flash of his sword, but years that were marred by controversies with Archbishop Hughes, and with old comrades, Mitchell and Meagher, McGee crossed over into Canada.

For the task that awaited him in Canada, and to which he applied himself with characteristic energy, McGee was wonderfully equipped. The young colony had been torn by feuds and schisms—the bickerings of rival cliques. Factions into which men were divided and sub-divided had brought the Act of Union of 1841 into a condition of unworkable futility. The Atlantic colonies were isolated and unhappy, and were seeking access to the larger western populations. People generally were weary of the crudities and bitternesses of political strife; religious differences, accentuated by divisions of race, threatened a perilous crisis. Into all of this came the fresh, buoyant spirit of McGee like sunshine after storm. Free from the antipathies of either faction, he set himself to preach the evangel of unity; and through all the dark, disheartening days of Canadian history before Confederation, pressed serenely and dauntlessly toward the goal of peace. McGee's expansive intellect with its historic sweep, perceived that Canada's need was federation of her provinces; and in 1860, long before his contemporaries dreamed of union, he was preaching "one great nationality bound like the shield of Achilles by the blue rim of the ocean." With upper Canada English and Protestant, and lower Canada French and Catholic, it was a tremendous thing to have a leader who was a peerless master of the language of one, and a devoted champion of the religion of the other.

Looking back over the years at the controversies of the time, it is not too much to say that Confederation would not have been achieved, or, at least, would have been long delayed, were it not for D'Arcy McGee. His was the vision that gave birth to the idea, his the eloquent pen and tongue which fastened it upon the consciousness of the disunited provinces. "McGee," declares Arthur Meighen, ex-Premier of Canada, "was the prophet of Confederation, the triumphant missionary of union."

He did not live to see the full fruition of his labors. At the age of forty-three, at the height of his intellectual power, when the future opened before him a vista of opportunity and achievement, he fell, like Lincoln, by an assassin's hand. On April 7, 1868, after a speech in Parliament, still treasured by Canadians as a classic, he walked out into the night, and was shot dead at his own door. Canadians still live who recall the national sense of horror over the passing of McGee. The apostle of unity had won the heart of his adopted country, and his death was marked by an extraordinary outburst of grief and affection, shared by men of all creeds, all classes, all political groups in the nation. No mourning, indeed, could be too deep for the withdrawal at such a moment of such a leader from the task to which he had consecrated his life. The task was far more than the winning of unity and nationhood for his country. McGee united in himself, in a degree seldom equaled in Canada before or since, the characteristics of statesman and teacher. He had visioned Confederation, and had helped to give it being; but it was in bidding his country to higher things, in summoning her to cultivate the faculties and use the liberties she already possessed for the development of her moral and material resources and the strengthening of her national character, that he toiled most usefully. His best and most compelling work was educative rather than aggressive. No one recognized better than he the regenerative value of political forms, but his ideal was never that of a political millennium to be won by an Act of Parliament—he was ever on the watch for opportunity to remind his countrymen of the indispensable need of self-discipline, of tolerance, of religion, of justice and right living. Goldsmith wrote of Burke as one—

"Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind—"

D'Arcy McGee never willingly gave to party what was better conferred on mankind. No one spoke out

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more courageously or more uncompromisingly for the faith that was in him—he was as ready to assail Orangeism in Canada as he had been to attack Know-Nothingism in America. But McGee could utter hard things without wounding, for the dominant temper and essence of the man was love. That, and that alone, was at the very centre of his being, and by that influence everything that came from him was irradiated and warmed. He had, as a Canadian patriot, unwavering faith, unquenchable hope; he had also, and above all, the charity which gave to every other faculty and attainment the supreme, the most enduring grace.

As an orator McGee ranked easily with the ten greatest that Ireland produced in the last century, and with the possible exception of Laurier, he has had no counterpart in Canada. He was cradled in a school of politics extraordinary for its eloquence. Ireland, in McGee's youth, was still rich with the traditions of Grattan, Flood, Burke, Curran, Sheridan and Emmett; it was dominated by O'Connell, who, as a popular orator, has had few modern peers. The Young Irelanders themselves, to whom McGee belonged, were a remarkable group. One reads almost with amazement the rhetorical sweep and fire of Meagher's Speech of the Sword; the haunting beauty of the verses of Speranza (Lady Wilde), of Thomas Davis, and James Clarence Mangan; or the trenchant, nervous prose of John Mitchell. In such company D'Arcy McGee learned his eloquence. It was an eloquence which, with the weight of metaphor and imagery and rhetoric, had all the faults of youth; but as he matured with years, and became more informed with scholarship, McGee's speeches took on a power, a pathos and a beauty that even today, read in the cold light of after events, are extraordinarily impressive. There was a diction and cadence in his sentences almost lyrical; he had a passionate scorn and invective for the base, tyrannical and unjust; a fiery and copious zeal for liberty; and it is not untrue of him to say that he brightened the depths of political philosophy with a vivid and lasting light. "Thomas D'Arcy McGee," declared Archbishop Hughes, "had the biggest mind and was . . . the biggest man and the greatest orator that Ireland has sent forth in modern times."

In the realm of literature, McGee, had his life been spared, might have reached the summit. It has been said of him that of all the rhetorical qualities of poetry—rhythm and phrase and picturesque diction—he possessed a greater measure than any other of the Nation poets. But he wrote with a careless energy which, if it always produced something remarkable, rarely left it strong and finished in every part. As a writer of prose he possessed a graceful, yet dashing and vigorous style; though his writings were always more remarkable for their message than their form. Some idea may be gained of the range and versatility of his culture by the following list of his published works between 1854 and the year of his death—O'Connell and His Friends; Lives of Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century; Life of Art McMurrough; Memoir of Duffy; History of the Irish Settlers in America; History of the Attempts to Establish the Protestant Reformation in Ireland; Catholic History of North America; Life of Bishop Maginn; Canadian Ballads and Occasional Verses; Emigration and Colonization in Canada; The Internal Condition of American Democracy; A Popular History of Ireland; The Crown and Confederation; The Union of the Provinces; and Notes on Federal Governments, Past and Present. In addition, McGee was famous as a lecturer, was a brilliant journalist, and by his writings and addresses did more than any contemporary figure to keep alive the lamp of learning and culture in a community which was engaged in a grim struggle with the wilderness.

Woodrow Wilson said of Commodore John Barry that he was a good American because when he crossed the Atlantic he did not leave his heart in Ireland. D'Arcy McGee's career in Canada powerfully impeached that theory. Under Canadian self-government he was loyal to the crown, a great citizen of the empire, but to the end he loved Ireland and strove to win her justice. He was charged with apostacy, with being a renegade; but historical records prove how valiantly he toiled to achieve for the land of his birth what he prized in the land of his adoption. It was his pleadings, as well as his example, which, according to the great Englishman's own confession, influenced Gladstone's Land Act of 1867, and his disestablishment of the Irish Church. And it has been written of his letter to Lord Mayo, penned by McGee a few days before his death, that it "struck deep into the British heart like a cry for justice from the grave."

D'Arcy McGee was the Catholic lay apostle. He had all the universality of Catholic charity, but he belonged, nevertheless, to the Church Militant, and

". . . never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power."

His whole public life was a crushing repartee upon the charge that Catholicism is the enemy of patriotism: to him it was the foundation of citizenship. Archbishop Connolly, the mitred statesman of Canadian Catholicism, well said of him—

"I raise my voice in behalf of an Irishman, who under a kind Providence has been mainly instrumental in lifting up his fellow-countrymen and co-religionists to a position which they never before attained in this or perhaps in any other country."

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PATRIARCH TIKHON

By CATHERINE RADZIWILL

WITH the death of Patriarch Tikhon, one of the most remarkable figures of modern Russia has passed away. There are people here who remember him when he was Russian Bishop entrusted with the souls of those members of the Greek Orthodox Church settled in America, but I doubt whether they realized, even while they loved and respected him, the noble traits of this remarkable man.

Tikhon was an exception among the Russian clergy, not only on account of his great erudition, but because in spending so many years abroad he had become imbued with western culture, and had learned to look at things as well as people with a broad vision. His long stay in America had made him understand the meaning of the word tolerance, and at the same time drawn his attention to the failings of his own church, and especially to its state of complete stagnation. This last fact was what always grieved him, because he would have liked the Russian clergy to exercise the same influence over its faithful as the Catholic does, and he would also have liked the Catholic spirit to penetrate the hearts and the teachings of Orthodox priests as well as laymen. A union between the two churches was his dream, and he was working for it when the Bolsheviks began persecuting him for his faith and his political opinions, in which they saw danger to their own movement.

Returning to Russia after bidding good-bye to America, Tikhon had spent a few weeks in Rome, where he had been much impressed by all he saw there. He would have liked to obtain an audience with the Pope, but when he applied for permission to ask for one, it was refused him by the Procurator of the Holy Synod. But he saw several cardinals, among them Cardinal Ledochowski who was the Prefect of the Propaganda, and a real friendship was started between these two remarkable men. Tikhon liked to recall his conversations with the Polish cardinal, during which the question of a possible union of their respective churches was discussed

But when the future Patriarch returned to Russia he found that the subject was tabooed. Other influences than his own had gained control. Catholicism had acquired a formidable adversary in the person of the Empress Alexandra, who when sounded on the possibility of such a union, had expressed herself in terms which had put an end to any such attempt on the part of the few enlightened members of the Russian clergy, who, like Tikhon, saw in it the salvation of their country, and their religion.

When the Bishop was elected Patriarch, and thus saw revived in his person one of the oldest traditions of ancient Muscovy, the Romanoffs had already fallen, and he found himself at liberty to work on his plan. It seems that he was about to enter into direct communication with the Vatican, when the Bolshevik upheaval took place. The new rulers of Russia understood very well that in the person of the Patriarch they had their greatest and most formidable foe, and moreover one who would not consent to be silenced, but who would defend his rights and those of the church of which he was the head. At first they attempted to bribe him by promises which, as he remarked one day, were so akin to those the devil had tried to make to Christ when he appeared to tempt the Redeemer, that he would have been frightened even to listen to them. The aged prelate knew very well what awaited him, and his only fear was that, by some means or other, his enemies might misconstrue something he had said.

Cruel as they were, the Bolsheviks did not yet dare throw him into prison; but they put him under arrest in a cell of the Donskoy Monastery, one of the oldest in Moscow. There he was subjected to moral and mental torture which very nearly killed him, but did not subdue him. With incredible dignity he went on working at his daily task, and when the Catholic Archbishop Cieplak was put on trial and sentenced to death, Tikhon sent him his blessing and the expression of his sorrow that they had not lived to see what they both had worked for—a union of Orthodox Russia with Catholic Rome.

For months the Patriarch lived under the shadow of death, and when his closest friend, Metropolitan Benjamin, was brought from St. Petersburg to Moscow to be shot, Tikhon fully expected to share his fate. This was not to be, however, and he survived but was not liberated. He was compelled to remain in his monastic retreat. Here, it is said, he was continually working at his plan for the reunion of the two churches he loved so well—a reunion which he undoubtedly would have tried to bring about, had the power been given him.

In his way Tikhon was really a pioneer. We must hope that the seed which he has sown will one day bear fruit.

Messengers

The apple-trees, with burdens of white bloom,
And lavish with mysterious perfume,
Opened their great clean arms as I went by.
They whispered softly under the blue spring sky—
"We are the ghosts of all earth's beauty you lost
In vanished summers, in days of piercing frost;
We are the dreams of youth you would not dream.
And now, by many a roadway, many a stream,
We come in pale battalions, leaning out,
Bidding you, wounded soul, no longer doubt;
Daring you take us, after the jubilant rain,
Back to your perishing goodness, back to your heart again."

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

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PHINOGUEN'S ONLY SON

By MARY BALASCHEFF

(Many of the old Russian legends and folk-tales, even in remote country districts, centre about the church of Santa Sophia in Constantinople, which must have left a deep impression on the minds of Russian pilgrims who visited it on their way to Alexandria and Jerusalem. This story, taken from an old Russian legend, puts a typically Russian priest into the setting of the great Byzantine church. It must be borne in mind that in the Orthodox Eastern Church married men are admitted to the priesthood.—The Editors.)

UPON the relics of many blessed martyrs rest the pillars of Santa Sofia, the greatest church of Byzantium. Many saints repose in this great shrine; for there lies Saint Panteleimon's head and that of Kondret the Apostle, and the bones of Ermola and Stretonik and those of Kir and of John, and Herman's hand, by which Patriarchs are made. Saint Averki, too, reposes there, and Gregory of great Armenia, and also the Pope Sylvester of Rome; while beyond the Cross of the Measure, which marks the height measured by Our Lord in the flesh upon earth, there lies the widow Anne, the same who made a gift of her court to Santa Sofia, and near the shrine of Peter and Kodin, reposes Saint Theofanida. She it was who kept the keys of Santa Sofia. One small coffin stands there alone, and no others like it are there; and within the coffin lies Phinoguen's only son.

Phinoguen was a priest of Santa Sofia. There were 3,000 priests attached to the service of the great church. Of these, 500 were maintained by the revenues of the church, while the others, who were called Priests of the Cross, lived as best they might from what they received at the altar. When one of the regular priests came to die, the first from among the Priests of the Cross, in order of precedence, would succeed to the vacant place.

Now Phinoguen was a Priest of the Cross, and moreover his turn was the very last—so that it seemed almost hopeless that he should ever be numbered among the fortunate 500, for 2,499 came before him in the choice. The regular priests lived in the town, under the very shadow of the great church; they were honored both by the Patriarch and the Emperor, and they all wore the mitre. How different was the lot of the others! These lived as best they might by God's mercy; the poorest very far away from the town, and with no honors at all, but only what they were given in charity by good Christians.

The priest Phinoguen's home was a great distance outside the Golden Gate of the city, near the miraculous spring, in the parish of Nikolas of the Pierced Forehead; and to the burden of poverty which he had never been able to lighten, a grievous sorrow was added. For his wife had died, leaving him alone with his little son Sergounka (Little Serge)—and it was only because of him that he cared to live and endure.

As he watched this little son, Phinoguen would think —"Let the lad grow but a trifle older, and I will send him to the Zaikonospassk school. Then he shall go to Bethany college, and when that is ended, he shall attain still further until with God's aid and blessing he shall even become a bishop." And so in his thoughts it was as good as done. "When thy time cometh, remember me," he would say, stroking Sergounka's fair head—his bishop, that dread lord before whom even the privileged priests of Santa Sofia should bow. And so he would smile joyously to himself as he stroked the fair hair which grew long and curled at the ends. But it was a kind smile, for Father Phinoguen was a gentle and kindly priest, and though every penny he had was hard to come by and he must seek the favor of men, he had never grown bitter nor grasping.

Sergounka meanwhile was as slender and frail as a blade of grass in the meadow, and was the very likeness of his dead mother. He had her eyes too, gentle and always a little frightened. When he served his father in the church, clad in his little silver surplice and holding the candle or the fragrant censer, he seemed wonderfully fair, like a little boy-angel, and yet strangely wistful and appealing.

Often of late, as he watched Sergounka and mused upon his bright future, and with it upon his own lot, Father Phinoguen would suddenly shrink, overcome at the very height of his hopes and ambitions by a great fear and yearning. "Sergounka mine," he would say, "good milk shouldst thou have, to grow tall and strong. Shall I buy thee a goat for thine own?" But little Sergounka, so pale and slender, would only look at him in silence, and he would be still more harassed by his poverty and loneliness. Full well he understood Sergounka's silence, for they had no hope of buying a goat.

In the great church Sergounka was his father's right hand. He would read and chant the responses, and tend the smoking censer; not a step would the priest take without him. "When thy time cometh, remember me," he would murmur in his great love and hope in the boy, seeing and yet not seeing how frail he was.

One day the priest Phinoguen was preparing to say a Mass for the dead at one of the 365 altars of the great church. A rare occurrence this, for of late he had had Te Deums or short prayers of requiem to say. And it had all come about in a manner beyond his understanding. A little old woman had come up to him, choosing him from all the priests who stood there. Had she found this good father more to her liking than the others, or was it Sergounka who had appealed

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to her old heart? She too may once have had a little child like him—another Sergounka.

At the side altar of Peter and Kodin, where into a great golden ikon is wrought some of the iron of Saint Peter's chains, did Father Phinoguen begin his Mass. Sergounka was reading his part also at one side. Reverently Father Phinoguen performed the rites of the Offertory, and as he spoke these words in testimony of the truth—"One of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side and there came out blood and water—" a white light flashed suddenly upon the altar. He raised his eyes and beheld on the right side of the altar an angel standing, whose face shone with blinding radiance.

Then the angel spoke—"Behold, God hath sent me for the soul of thy child!"

And like that sudden flash of heavenly radiance striking the altar, his words struck with a blinding flash through the priest's recollection and scattered all his thoughts. His last, his only hope, to be taken from him! His heart was chilled through and his hands shook. For a moment he stood there quite speechless with eyes wide open, flooded by the light that shone from the angel.

Then he whispered—"My son? You would take my son? Nay—better if I myself were taken!"

But then the thought came of Sergounka, so frail and weak, left all alone. His resistance broke down, and he said to the angel—

"I know not, and neither knowest thou, for what purpose his soul is wanted by Him Who sent thee—my God and thine. He alone knoweth, and Him do I praise—Him Who sent His own Son to purge our sins and to save our souls."

Thus he accepted this bitter lot assigned to him by his Maker. He stood still erect and with thoughts again on what he was doing, he whispered—"Only wait, that I may end the Holy Sacrifice." And pouring the wine and the water into the chalice, he pronounced the words of Consecration. And by reason of his patience and humility, God's angel did his bidding, and stood at the side of the altar, seen only by the priest at the altar, until that Holy Sacrifice should be ended.

But an indescribable radiance shone around the altar which could be seen by the people. The first to see that celestial light was the little old woman—she who had ordered the Mass to be said; and after her all the pilgrims and palmers who had come from far away to the great church of Santa Sofia to pray before Saint Peter's chains. The rumor spread rapidly throughout the whole church that a radiance had come forth from Peter and Kodin's shrine, and from every side the people pressed forward. Word was sent hastily to the palace; and soon in the great choir, surrounded by many deaconesses in white, the Empress appeared. But the priest Phinoguen quietly said his Mass and Sergounka assisted him and tended the censer; on his small pale face two roses seemed to glow, while tiny drops glistened on his brow as clear as crystal. Near the altar still stood the angel, invisible to all save Phinoguen, except for the effulgence from his face and wings, at which all wondered. Only Sergounka, clad in his little surplice of silver and busy over his task, never noticed the light.

When the Mass was ended and Father Phinoguen came out with the cross, the angel stood so near that the light of his face and wings shone on the gold cross and lit it up like fire in the priest's hands, and no one dared approach to kiss it. Sergounka alone, his office accomplished, saw the people's confusion and went up first to kiss the cross. And suddenly he saw the angel. His eyes were dazzled by the celestial light. And as a slender blade of grass sways in the wind, he swayed, fell to his knees, and bowed his head to the ground. And then the angel of God took his soul from him, and all the light went out. And because the radiance had not been of this world, the whole of the great church was darkened as by a storm. Before Saint Peter's chains alone the silver lamps gleamed red, and the old woman's candle flickered and went out in a thin tongue of flame.

Then the father lifted up in his arms his little Sergounka—his lost hope and joy, the light of his eyes, his very life—and closing his sightless eyes he gave him the blessing for the other world—"Peace unto thee." And then turning to the people he told them of the angel of God who had come for the soul of his child and how he had waited there until that other Mystery should have been accomplished. Before such a miracle is there anyone whose mind and soul would not turn to the thought of the Kingdom of Heaven and Life Everlasting, and who would not envy such submission to the will of God and such humility of soul?

And because of that humility and for the purity of a child's soul, the little coffin stands there alone in the great church of Santa Sofia—and within lies Phinoguen's only son.

Unmitigable Hours

That time, on the unutterable hills,
I stood, gazing into windows of Heaven,
And the stars pounded my breast, as though driven
By the hammers of God, I said: the will's
Powerless to resist. That which fulfils
This night's prophecy has in it the leaven
Of all ends and beginnings, as once given.
We are a dust God strikes, quickens, and stills.

The stars pounded my breast and I said:
I am too weak for your mysteries. The giant
Earth-spirit has crushed me to a pliant
Submission. I cannot lead. I am led.
Here will I lie down with the frozen flowers
And let God rain down His unmitigable hours.

GUSTAV DAVIDSON.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Sapphire Ring

HUNGARY threatens to become the best press-agented country in America. Once upon a time, your Broadwayite knew it chiefly for its gypsy music and its goulash. Now, with the help of our State Department, its radical ex-statesmen are achieving front-page publicity, and with the help of the post office, its playwrights are shipping us tons of manuscript to be translated, adapted and staged for New York's edification. Before long, we shall know exactly what a Hungarian husband eats for breakfast, exactly how his wife dresses for lunch, exactly how they both quarrel before dinner, how they make it up during dinner, quarrel again before the opera and get divorced by midnight. It is all very suave and delicate and sophisticated and futile. It has just this in common with the earlier and more beloved goulash—it is all the done-over meat of a civilization that was apparently cooked and peppered many long years ago.

Of course, I am speaking only of the Hungary of this new brood of playwrights. I have no doubt that there are some Hungarian families who forget to hunt reasons for divorce, and still others to whom life has some freshness and novelty aside from the condiments they can shake into it. I am open to conviction—all the more open because I know the tribulations of persuading worthy Frenchmen that not every American home is exactly as represented in a Tom Mix film or in a feature serial of the Thrills of Thessaly type. None the less, one kind of Hungarian household is in our midst, with distinct signs of increase and multiplication in the near future, unless it should be checked by our utter boredom.

Laszlo Lakatos is the latest portrayer of Hungarianism to reach Broadway, with sundry adaptations by Isabel Leighton. In The Sapphire Ring, he has given us what he calls the portrait of a woman, one Krista, a cerebral individual whose ennui is somewhat lightened by the fact that she has a jealous husband. She also has in the offing a devoted young ass, Dr. Erno Nemeth, who helps to give substance to husband Karoly's jealousy. It is all very triangular and trite. It brings one back forcibly to that depressing theory that there are, after all, only seven possible plots for a play. In other words, its dramatic machinery creaks audibly, as if groaning out—"I am plot number five, and I am getting terribly fed up on myself. Will someone please try number four for a change!"

The play being quite stupid, except for occasional shafts of good characterization, its two chief values are, first, that it is an impressive warning against wholesale importations when we have so much promising material on the spot, and second, that three artists of the first calibre use it to demonstrate how seriously their talent is being wasted. Frank Conroy lacks a good deal of the personal charm of Alfred Lunt, but he has something of the same insight into the pathos of obsession and hysteria. If, as seems probable, the trend of plays turns more and more toward problems of individual psychology, demanding from actors a keen understanding of abnormal states of mind rather than the mere reproduction of types, Mr. Conroy should become a figure of increasing importance on our stage. Earlier in the season, he was wasted on Frederick Lonsdale's imposture, The Fake, and now his bad luck is repeating itself.

Miss Helen Gahagan ranks among the four or five most talented actresses we have. After one has recovered from the first shock of her brunette likeness to Ethel Barrymore, one rapidly discovers that her abilities are of a more varied and flexible character. She has not the Barrymore voice nor repose, but neither has she yet acquired the rigid mannerisms which frequently prevent Miss Barrymore from submerging herself in a character. Miss Gahagan has an exceptionally good diction, an abundance of intelligence and a very considerable range of dramatic power. It showed to best advantage in her rare and beautiful interpretation of the woman in Hasenclever's Beyond, earlier in the season. In her present rôle, it shows less, partly because of her attempt to speed up a dreary evening by being too kittenish, and partly because of the sophisticated languor of the play itself. She is at her best in a play of rhythmic, singing tragedy. She, too, is wasted on Hungarian triangulation. Kenneth MacKenna is another lost firefly in this murky atmosphere. He struggles manfully to make Nemeth something of a part. But the author gets the better of the struggle. I thoroughly agree with the critic who said The Sapphire Ring was a paste jewel.

Another Candida

BERNARD SHAW must be thanking someone for the weekly royalties drifting to him across the Atlantic from the Actors' Theatre. Whoever selected Candida for revival struck a particularly fortunate chord in the symphony of success. For a play of this character, it has had an astonishing run. It has even achieved that importance in the chronicle of this year's theatre where a change in the title rôle causes almost as serious discussion as the appearance of a new Portia.

Moved by a double impulse, I dropped in at another performance of Candida last week. First of all, I wanted to see if anyone could possibly succeed to Catherine Cornell without leaving the play in the doldrums. Then, too, I wanted to discover the cause of an uneasy conviction that the play itself was not as good as the acting and direction—that, somehow, the first impression of a humaneness unusual to Shaw was due more to the actors than the lines.

On the first point, I received a pleasant surprise. Miss Peggy Wood, too closely associated in the past with musical comedy, brings to many of the lines and situations a greater variety and a wider range of feeling than even Miss Cornell. After all, Candida is supposed to be the daughter of the cockney Burgess. The gap between them in language and education can be explained, with some stretching of probabilities, by the burnishing effect of some mythical finishing school, or even, as I believe, Miss Cornell herself has suggested, by postulating a mother from an entirely different strata than Burgess. One might develop quite an interesting essay on Candida's mother. But after all, Shaw says nothing about her. As the play stands, Candida and Burgess are at opposite poles, remote and unexplained. Only the "business" adopted by the actors themselves can help to bridge the gap. Miss Cornell was content to leave the gap wide open and follow in the foot-steps of the imaginary mother. Her Candida was an aristocrat. Even the audience felt slightly disturbed at the prospect of her pealing onions. But Miss Wood, without detracting from Candida's charm, manages to make the onions

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credible and not at all disturbing. This somewhat heightens the comedy of Marchbanks's lines and also gives the play better unity. With the new Candida, one also feels more strongly that the darts with which she pricks her husband are more deliberate—more of an attitude assumed for the definite purpose of teaching him a lesson. Miss Cornell made you feel that Candida was a distinctly aggressive feminist, to whom such ideas came naturally and with conviction, and for whom their effect on Morell was less important than her belief in the ideas themselves. This is probably nearer to Shaw's own intentions, but it is less interesting and less convincing. On the whole, I prefer Miss Wood's Candida. It is less truly Shaw, but more engagingly human.

That the acting of the title rôle could so deeply alter the total impression of the character, confirmed on the whole, my growing belief that the play itself has the usual glaring Shavian defect—artificiality. It is almost impossible for Shaw to write a play of real men and women. They must all be subservient to his purposes of propaganda. The glaring inconsistencies in so many of his characters are due to this. As his zeal for ideas relaxes, his characters struggle toward human channels. Then he begins again to use them as mouthpieces, and they promptly become puppets. Someone recently noted the striking similarity between Marchbanks and Ibsen's Gregers Werle. It is true that both are fatuous idealists, but Gregers is real and consistent within himself, whereas Marchbanks is ready to say anything Shaw wants him to say. Candida, as nature made her, was a motherly young housewife. When Shaw speaks through her, she is a strident feminist with a penchant for free love. It takes the remarkable acting of Miss Wood to pull these two distinct characters into a semblance of human unity. And she does it at Shaw's expense. She has almost submerged the feminist Candida. And the play is considerably better for the submergence.

When Choosing Your Plays

Candida—Reviewed above.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
Is Zat So?—The triumph of two characters and a very human theme over a poor plot. A splendid comedy.
"Mrs. Partridge Presents"—In which the sub-flapper proves to be astonishingly conservative.
Old English—A portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss.
Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness.
Silence—H. B. Warner in a typical reformed crook play.
The Blue Peter—Only moderately interesting.
The Fall Guy—A good human comedy of the slumming type.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.
The Sapphire Ring—Reviewed above.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
The Student Prince—One of the best of the musical plays.
The Wild Duck—Ibsen's self-revealing drama superbly directed and acted.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

COMMUNICATIONS

COÖRDINATING CHARITY

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Foreign commercial and industrial needs have been coördinated under the encouragement of our government with the guidance, control and coöperation of the Federal Reserve system. In charity America is enormously generous; no appeal for salvage is unsuccessful. But the average American in reasonably comfortable circumstances who must make thoughtful provision for his charities is really giving "till it hurts," because of the infinitely varied and confusing demands made upon his bank account, each irresistibly presented by some eloquently powerful pleader representing some one aspect of the general problem with which personal contact and observation has made him specially familiar, each requiring separate office and publicity organization which, uncoördinated, necessarily eat too deeply into the funds collected for the relief of hunger and misery.

As far as Catholics are concerned there ought to be an easy remedy for this situation in the machinery we possess, used in a sense, as the Federal Reserve system uses its moderating power in foreign commercial financing. American Catholics are more than willing to share what their more fortunate conditions give them with suffering co-religionists of other nations. Moreover, there is a veritable lay apostolate open to them containing enormous possibilities, not only in the immediate relief of physical hunger, but in the founding and maintenance of hospitals and vocational schools (things in which Americans are preëminently successful) and in the support of seminaries for specific purposes in the direction of one of the Holy Father's most cherished intentions. Our charity is enormous—and wasteful under present conditions.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

"ROMAN CATHOLIC"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Condé B. Pallen in The Commonweal of April 15, reopens a controversy which is old in the annals of English Catholic weeklies—shall we permit non-Catholics to call us Roman Catholics? What do names matter anyway? In one sense "you cannot distinguish Catholic from Catholic." But in another and purely orthodox sense—the one used at Rome—we can distinguish Catholic from Catholic. We can classify Catholics according to their forms of worship: Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Syrian Catholics, Coptic Catholics, Chaldean Catholics, Armenian Catholics, Mozarabic Catholics, Ambrosian Catholics, Maronite Catholics.

All Catholics are "Roman" Catholics in the sense that they cling to communion with the Roman Church as a necessity of eternal salvation. But the Roman Church herself recognizes other Catholic churches. There are in the United States Christians of Latin, Slav, Albanian and Syrian ancestry who are Catholics but not Roman. Would it not be well to remember the susceptibilities of these united brethren?

The Reverend Thomas Burgess in Foreigners or Friends, the official Episcopalian handbook dealing with work among foreign-born Americans, always uses the term "Greek Catholics" to designate Christians in communion with the Roman Pontiff who follow the Byzantine Rite.

L. MAYNARD GRAY.

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BOOKS

Seventy Years of Life and Labor, an Autobiography. By Samuel Gompers. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $10.00.

SAM GOMPERS, as he was universally called, was not a great man, but he was a man of great importance in his day and his career still remains of very considerable interest. He undoubtedly earned the distinction of a book; but there is such a thing as overplaying the game. In a recent review of a life of George Wyndham, Sir Edmund Gosse makes protest against the huge lives which are continually "foisted upon the reading public." Here is a clean case in point; Mr. Gompers's autobiography of 1,114 pages is an appalling problem to the ordinary man. Naturally, it defeats its own purpose to a great extent. If it were boiled down into half its volume it would have ten times the number of readers and the impression made on these would be much clearer and more vivid than can be gleaned by laboring through these pages, which as a mass give something of the effect of wearisome detail of a mediaeval chronicle.

Its inordinate size is the great fault of the book. There is a good story to tell, with many notable episodes, and it is, on the whole, well-told. It affords material, too, for appraisal of its hero as a man and a leader; but even out of these, after all, decision cannot yet be made final. Gompers was engaged in too vast a movement and played too prominent a part in it to allow of final judgments on his career within a little more than a year of his death. That he was a leader of inspiration and energy will never be disputed, nor can it be denied that much of his leadership was sane and salutary. But the true touchstone of his success will be found in the permanence of his influence. That the labor movement will go on from the point where he left it, increasing in power, nobody can doubt. But he did not create it; he only stimulated and guided it, and the test will be in the permanence of the ideals and methods which he taught and their lasting effect in keeping the workers' struggle within reasonable and peaceable bounds and along healthy lines.

To the newspaper-reading public, Gompers always gave the impression of a man of great natural mental powers and hard, self-centred temperament. His book still shows these qualities, but he must, besides, have had strong sympathetic qualities. He had worshipping friends, devoted followers, a faculty for the dramatic and the emotional which held individuals to him and swept the crowd into his train. The wave of grief among the labor organizations which marked his passing showed that it was not merely the loss of leadership but the bereavement of friendship which was mourned.

In fact, nothing could be deeper or more genuine than Gompers's love of the working class and comprehension of their sufferings. Himself the son of a poor Jewish cigar-maker in London, he was one of a large family living in a single room. He was taken from school at the age of ten years and three months to go to work to help support his brothers and sisters. The only further education he ever had was attendance at a Talmudic night school. The loss remained a rankling sore to the day of his death, and the abolition of child labor and provision of full schooling for all, was a cardinal plank in his program of social reform.

He, however, in virtue of his own gifts, kept building on his small foundation so that he became in many respects a well-informed and fairly well-read man. Incidentally he gives high credit to his Talmudic instruction as developing his reasoning powers and his faculty of grasping legal propositions; he advances the interesting view that the rabbinical schools are the secret of the higher powers that Jewish boys show as compared with other young Americans when they first go into business. However that may be, Mr. Gompers's legal faculties, we know, never enabled him to see things on all fours with the judges of the American courts.

He was not always altogether wrong, however. Sometimes, as in the celebrated case of the Buck's Stove and Range Company, he had so much of the right on his side that reading his very full review of it today, it is hard to grasp not only the point of view of the judge who sentenced him to a year's imprisonment—which, of course, he never served—but also of the orators and publicists who accused him of assailing the rule of law and the just powers of the courts. It is now plain enough that the injunction which he resisted not only forbade acts which might be forbidden or were, at least, debatable; but went on to sweep away the constitutional rights of free speech and free press.

It is curious and perhaps characteristic of the times that the higher tribunals while negativing the personal injustice, always evaded the legal principles involved and the proper limitations of the injunction as a remedy for contemplated violation of the law. The labor organizations, however, in their turn, obtained what suits them almost as well—or better. Mr. Gompers calls it "Labor's Magna Charta." It is the proviso in the Clayton Act which declares that labor is not a commodity and that nothing in the anti-trust laws shall be construed to forbid labor organizations or to prohibit their members from acts of labor agitation. This together with the rider now annually attached to the Department of Justice appropriations preventing the use of any of the money against labor unions or leaders, Mr. Gompers regarded as among the achievements of his life.

Perhaps it is an illustration of the not quite perfect training of his intellect that he cannot by any means see that a discrimination of this sort is class legislation. He argues with transparent lack of logic that the law of supply and demand does not apply to human effort. In a word, in these and other points where the desires or interests of employers and workers conflict, he is color blind. In the same way, when there are clashes, the upholders of the moneyed element—in fact, the powers that be—are always in the wrong. They are always the plotters and promoters of the trouble and blame-worthy for what goes wrong, even when they are the sufferers.

In the limits of a review, it is possible only to touch a high spot or two, but fair play requires acknowledgment of the general good sense and conservatism of Gompers's life plans. He believed in labor unionism, pure and simple, the improvement of wages and working conditions by agitation and collective bargaining. He was against anarchism, socialism and labor politics. He opposed all sorts of violence, but believed, on occasion, in the strike to the last ditch.

His services in the war are still fresh in the public mind. They were very real. He gives many strange and interesting details of German propaganda and the means pursued to keep labor straight in spite of it. There are, throughout, amusing anecdotes, and many happy touches of human nature. A strange procession of ghosts flit through the work from Justus Schwab to Father McGlynn. Almost anywhere it makes good reading for a few pages. This will be its present value; readers will dip into it. In the future, it will be something of a storehouse for historians of the American labor movement.

JAMES LUBY.

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Secret Societies and Subversive Movements, by Nesta H. Webster. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $7.00.

IF YOU have romanticism in your blood and $7.00 in your pocket, if too you are a trifle short of knowledge of history and sense of humor, you will buy this volume and read it and be rewarded with an appropriate shiver on every page. Besides, you won't have to read anything else. It's all here and very simple. Even for the sophisticated it is enjoyable. Nothing is better calculated to develop a sense of humor.

Mrs. Webster for some years has had secret societies and subversive movements on the brain. In one of her earlier works she expatiated on the horrors of the French Revolution and explained them to her satisfaction by reference to secret conspiracy. More recently she published a volume entitled World Revolution, in which she traced everything she dislikes in contemporary society, from Bolshevism to Sinn Fein, back through a series of secret societies to a single, simple, and withal, romantic, origin in the Illuminism of the eighteenth century, the Illuminism of Adam Weishaupt, a veritable Old Adam. The sales must have been excellent, for she has now brought out her magnum opus.

The argument of the magnum opus is clear. There are many things nowadays which disturb the mind and threaten the property of gentlemen and ladies who read the London Post and live in Mayfair. All these things are directly attributable, in uncertain proportions but in certain totality, to Jews, Pan-Germans, and Illuminati. But no longer is Adam Weishaupt the author of the diabolical brood; long prior to that Old Adam was the Jewish Cabala, and it is the "secrecy" and "occult rites" of the Jewish Cabala which have been operating throughout the centuries among Pythagoreans, Druids, Gnostics, Manicheans, Ismailis, Bogomils, Fatimites, Karmathites, Knights Templars, Rosicrucians, Illuminati, and Freemasons, to produce all subversive movements, culminating in the great war, the Russian revolution, the establishment of the Irish Free State, and a Labor government in England!

There is a great show of learning as well as an effective use of rhetoric to back up the thesis. There are numerous footnotes, copious citations, two appendices, and an index, all according to the most approved form of historical scholarship. But the gulf between form and substance is wide and deep. In reality the work is about as unscholarly as a work can be. Not only has Mrs. Webster no suspicion of the complexity of human history, but the authorities on whom she chiefly relies either are untrustworthy in themselves, or are put to untrustworthy uses. She leans heavily upon the exposés of Freemasonry by ex-Masons and anti-Masons and upon the memoirs of garrulous courtiers. And if a ritual of a secret society lays claim to great antiquity, she never asks herself when the ritual was actually written or whether it may not merely reflect the spirit of its own age. It is a well-known fact, for example, that Freemasonry, as we know it, originated in Great Britain in the early part of the eighteenth century, though in its rituals and through many of its publicists it ascribes its own origin quite variously and equally fantastically to Adam, Solomon, Pythagoras, the Knights Templars, and the Rosicrucians. To the scholar, the ritual of Freemasonry is eloquent of eighteenth-century England with its curious mixture of Old Testament Protestantism, natural law, natural religion, Deism, mathematical science, and fondness for classical allusions. To Mrs. Webster, however, the same ritual is genuine proof of a centuries-long secret conspiracy against society and God. The whole story of Hiram, she says, "can only be regarded as the survival of some ancient cult relating not to an actual event, but to an esoteric doctrine." We are certainly in need of a scientific history of Freemasonry and of an objective account of its political activities, especially in continental Europe, during the past century, but earnest searchers after truth will derive heat rather than light from Mrs. Webster's pages.

It is impossible in the brief compass of this review to give an adequate notion of the quaint turns of the authoress's mind, or of the devious devices by which she connects occultism in general and the Jewish Cabala in particular with subversive movements in politics and economics. The fifteenth-century monster Gilles de Rais, the seventeenth-century poisoner, the Marquise de Brinvilliers, the fanatical Lord George Gordon, and the unnatural, vicious Marquis de Sade are deemed by ordinary historians to have been criminal lunatics, fit subjects for penology or psychiatry—but among such mad-hatters and March hares our authoress remains an Alice in Wonderland; she connects them all with secret societies and subversive movements. She tells a tale about a half-nude madman encountering the Duc d'Orléans in the forest of Fontainebleau and being frightened away by the sight of an iron ring which the noble Duc wore at his neck, and then mysteriously asks the rhetorical question—"Could this ring have been a Jew's talisman?" What a pity that such a powerful "will to believe" cannot be put to better uses!

Mrs. Webster concludes her diverting volume with a shudder at "the superb organization and the immense financial resources at the disposal of the world revolutionaries," and with a sigh that "a Department for the Investigation of Subversive Movements" should not have a place in every ordered government. "This might have been created by the recent Conservative government in England," she laments, "but the same mysterious influence that protected the enemy during the great war has throughout prevented disclosures that would have enlightened the country on the real nature of the peril confronting it." One ray of hope—and only one—appears. It is Italian Facismo. "I am convinced," she declares, "that only a great national movement can save us from destruction." But, gracious, how can we be sure that even a great national movement may not be subverted by a secret little group of Illuminati and Knights Templars and Cabalists? These gentlemen, according to Mrs. Webster's own story, have from the beginning specialized in just this sort of thing.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES.

Seth Low, by Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THE changing epochs of history are usually best illustrated in salient personalities that sum up the characteristics most peculiar to their time and place and influence. The importance of such a figure as Theodore Roosevelt will loom larger and larger in the passing years, not through any individual increase of his merits but through the importance he will have as representative of his nation and his class. Equally representative of the same class will be found the history of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Barrett Wendell of Harvard, and Elihu Root; and also of particular interest and import to the student of Greater New York from 1850 to 1916 will be the record, public and private, of a great son of Brooklyn—Seth Low.

The fine deliberateness of this former mayor of Brooklyn, mayor of Greater New York, and president of Columbia University, is well rounded out in the nine years that have been permitted to elapse since his death to the publication of this

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biography and appreciation; and the modesty and decorum of the tribute so considerately paid by the author and poet, Benjamin R. C. Low, to his distinguished uncle are also in accord with the highest breeding and the best American culture.

Seth Low was "a rich man" as his political opponents forced him to admit on the platform; he was a gentleman in the best New England sense of the word; he was a model New Yorker in the practical and theoretical tolerance of his mind and in the gentleness of a man of truly great affairs and large human experience—such as an official of the city of New York must come to possess if he is to hold the esteem and affection of his fellow-citizens.

Seth Low's private life may be estimated in his biographer's note on Brooklyn—"A recent census showed more inhabitants of New England descent in Brooklyn than in Boston. In its older regions it was thickly sown with churches, and there was a home-like air about its quiet by-ways: a comfortable serenity and an honest domesticity, rather irritating to the larger and livelier and more pretentious city across the river, whose lights were as stars in the sunset of its westward-looking streets. It even boasted a Tree Planting and Fountain Society. On Brooklyn Heights there had grown up a community of solid respectability and well-lined simplicity, members of which left business at half after three; crossed the East River on the Wall Street ferry; dined at four; and then, in the long spring twilight, sedately went driving in Prospect Park."

The "vigorous, voluble and somewhat less reputable population" that surged upon this high-rocked outpost of New England: the needs and greeds of political and private organizations met by the rigidity of principles and prejudices that stamped the older New England mind are, with fine reserves, delineated in these pages. The immaculate gentleman mixed in the mud-pie of politics and conquered. "In later life Seth Low used to quote with keen relish the reply given him by one of the bosses, when questioned as to the honesty of a fellow—'Honest?—Him? I wouldn't trust him dead with a nickel on his eyelash!'"

The story of the founding of the Young Republican Club, to fight the regular Republican organization and the Democratic candidates, called upon the youthful reformer to doff his academic theories, pull off his coat and enter the electoral ring. The result was two terms as mayor of the city of Brooklyn, inaugurating a clean distinction between national politics and city government that until this time had been unknown in the United States. When called upon to cast his vote for the Republican candidate for the Presidency, James G. Blaine, Seth Low was man enough to reply—"I am not a Republican mayor, as you say I am. I am mayor of the whole people of Brooklyn." In privately casting his vote for Mr. Cleveland and his "public office is a public trust," he committed something very like political suicide. The act was characteristic of the man, and the effect upon his career undeniably costly.

Then came his administration of Columbia University which was so fruitful that he may be said in a way to be its second founder. The transfer of the university from Fiftieth Street to its present holdings was a great and wise undertaking, the results of which must be evident to every citizen and educator for many years to come.

In September, 1897, the Citizens' Union nominated Seth Low for first mayor of Greater New York—one of the four candidates who included Benjamin F. Tracy, regular Republican; Henry George, single-taxer, and Robert Van Wyck, the Tammany nominee, who won by a slight majority. At the elections held in the autumn of 1901, Seth Low finally reached this high post, carrying the mayorality on a reaction of public opinion. His biographer appends the following paragraph—"He lasted exactly two years. He first cleared and then constructed. He scotched patronage and appointed experts. He put the city upon a business—an honest business—basis. He purified the police department. He cleaned the streets. He both built and built up schools. He reorganized the finances of the city for the benefit of the people. He planned the first subway to Brooklyn and the Pennsylvania tunnel to Long Island. He compelled the electrification of the New York Central within the city limits. He attacked the unsanitary tenement. He wrought without rest for the men, women and children of the city. He looked all around him and he looked ahead—far ahead. Yet he failed to win reëlection."

Seth Low was in his sixty-seventh year when he died. His life, his belief in his fellow-man, his country, his city, and his class, were marked with "a devotion which knew neither variation nor deviation—to that cardinal point, that true worth which we broadly, and far too drily, name public service."

THOMAS WALSH.

Poems for Youth. Compiled by William Rose Benét. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

THE making of anthologies never ceases; indeed in the last few years the making of them seems to be on the increase. The earliest poets in history are preserved for us in anthologies after the manner of the Graeca Minora and the Spanish cancioneros, and many a poet speaks down the ages only along the wire of some friendly anthologist and his gathered treasure-trove of the past.

William Rose Benét, a very fine poet himself, has the added faculty of a cool, catholic, critical instinct sharpened by years of experience with the press. His Poems for Youth is therefore a singularly valuable collection, not only of the past in American poetry but of the present-day aspirants who face the discouragement of our actual conditions.

There are few of our older masters omitted in this library of poems for American youth: from Fitz-Greene Halleck to Sidney Lanier we have a galaxy of poems statelier and more composed than our modern singing, and also with a more solid composition and structure of the lyrical skeletons. We looked in vain for the poems of that old lover of youth, Charles Warren Stoddard, and Mr. Benét himself will feel a note of regret on learning of this omission. Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce, Edwin Markham, Hamlin Garland, Carl Sandburg and George Sterling represent the western school with which Mr. Benét's own poems (all too modestly suppressed in this collection) have long been identified.

There is creditable place given to Madison Carwein, Edward Arlington Robinson, Arthur Guiterman, Amy Lowell, Leonora Speyer and Vachel Lindsay; nor are Brian Hooker, John L. Neihardt, Harry Kemp, Joyce and Aline Kilmer, Elinor Wylie and Edna St. Vincent Millay forgotten. The selection from these more modern poets is made with a very deft understanding of their merits and standing.

A word must be said for the very charming manner in which Mr. Benét handles the personal notes with which he introduces all his chosen poets. There is very little of the dry-as-dust and a great deal of information of formative character. Altogether the volume deserves a permanent place in the reference shelves of our public libraries and private collections of the poets of our country.

T. C.

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BRIEFER MENTION

We, by Eugene Zamiatin. Translated from the Russian by Gregory Zilboorg. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

OUT of Russia has come the best take-off on Bolshevism that has appeared. This is no mean tribute when you consider the wealth of blue books, white books and Creel bureau publicity that has been attempting this same thing. With something of the imaginative fancy and exaggeration of a Jules Verne, Zamiatin has lashed the new social state with a droll and biting ridicule. Trotzky—late Soviet Minister of War—in his recent published book on writers and literature since the revolution, says—"Zamiatin, one of the younger impressionistic writers, has suffered even more by his detachment from the realities about him." Trotzky has a surprise coming to him. The detachment from realities has reacted severely. Zamiatin has erected a super-state, where all is standardized, where the Soviet dream is realized by a thousand years of scientific perfection, where all but love and passion has been legislated to a machine-like norm, where all the people are Robots, and then he loosens the sly play of his satire, and lets the sweep of his Gargantuan satire strike with full force at this regimentation of life. So capital is his satire, so thorough is his reduction of modern paternalism to its logical extremes, that his story is often swallowed in his ridiculing fantastics.

Cubwood, by W. R. Sunderland Lewis. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head Ltd. 7s. 6d.

OCCASIONALLY, writers turn to the subject of youth. And generally they write of it as if they had never been young themselves. Which is probably true. For they patronize youth, either with broad obvious humor, or with a transmuted elfin touch of fantasy. Cubwood is different. Here is a writer that was young himself, and has recaptured much of the glamor of those wondrous years. It is the story of a gang of school boys in the tad-pole stage—from seven to twelve—and their highly individualized reasoning and adventures. It is long forgotten recollections recalled with felicity. The strange, mysterious sense of awe and wonder is evoked and all the phantoms of juvenile psychic excitement, so sly and elusive, recur to recognition. It is a tale of happy days told with loveliness and finesse of writing that lures memory with an adroit guidance into a country never supposed to be possible of revisiting.

Aces, a Collection of Short Stories. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

THIS collection of twelve modern short stories compiled by the Community Workers of the Guild for the Jewish blind has a wide and diverse appeal. The stories collected represent the writer's own preference, for each story printed is the selection of its author. A most interesting group of stories is the result. It quite distinctly sets this collection apart from the numerous anthologies. It varies from Edna Ferber's Old Man Minick, with the cross currents of old age and youth, to A Love Affair by Thyra Samter Winslow, where youth alone is in humorous quandry. From the earnest, yet interesting Dorothy Canfield, you turn and find Scott Fitzgerald, gay and humorous in his story of Gretchen's Forty Winks. Other short story writers included in this collection are Benjamin Sher, Kathleen Norris, G. B. Stern, Zona Gale, Israel Zangwill, Bruno Lessing, O. R. Cohen and Mary Roberts Rhinehart.

E. C.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"We need a new Sartor Resartus," hazarded Doctor Angelicus, as he puffed up the subway staircase after reading the sign: "Many a man isn't getting a lot more pay per week simply because his employer always sees him in his old clothes."

"That new book Narcissus," added Primus Criticus, adjusting his worn brief-case under his arm while he helped the Doctor on the last steps, "shows the importance of selecting one's clothing-firm carefully. The Greeks and the Trojans were not more divided than these Brooks Brothers, Brill Brothers and Kuppenheimer cohorts."

Miss Anonymoncule joined them in time to add the remark —"A girl's whole life lies between a coney and a silver fox."

"My friend of the Hartford Times, Mr. Frederick Nelson, writes me," continued Primus, "that to dress well seven days a week in the kind of clothes that gentlemen wear would have seemed to our historical workingman the height of foppishness and presumption."

They had reached the shuttle car that was to take them through the corridors of the Grand Central Terminal, when Primus Criticus pulled out his friend's letter from the brief-case and began to read—

* * *

" 'There were, of course, vanities and follies, even before the moment when putting on airs became the national gesture, and before Mr. Ford had made the apparent possession of a motor possible for anyone with the price of a bicycle. Correspondence schools presented alluring opportunities to machinists who desired laudably to become foremen—but, even in the illustration, the successful foreman retained his overalls. He was not then accustomed 'to seeing beautiful chiffon drapes at his local movie palace,' and he had not been repeatedly assured that the way to advance in his profession was to buy more 'shirtings.' Sometimes he smoked a pipe which cost more than thirty-five cents, but, if he smoked cigarettes, it was not because he believed that by acquiring that habit he could aspire to the position in life necessary to have one's portrait done in oils and hung in the Union League Club. Nor did the Saturday night cigar connote a subsidized supposition that 'Successful Men Smoke Cigars.' Even if he trod the primrose path still farther and decked himself out in a pink and white necktie, it was because he wanted to look his best at the Oddfellows' ball. The idea that the tie could have the remotest connection with advancement in his business would have seemed preposterous to him, unless he feared that his employer might see him and consider his extravagant tendencies sufficient reason for keeping him at the bench. He naïvely assumed that Honest Effort, Application and Ability would determine his chance for promotion. He never dreamed that 'Half the Battle Is in Looking the Part.'

" 'To be sure, our industrialists still make speeches spreading abroad the true gospel that 'You Are Judged by the Clothes You Wear,' that people respect the man who owns the largest car, and that we live to be seen of men and to be seen in proportions ten times as large as those which we know, despite the personality experts, are normal for us. In short, if we are to keep this propaganda in motion till the last bohunk and the final greaser discovers the indispensability of clothes by Shooks and shoes by Swank, we shall have entered into the social revolution of our own free will, and shall be less than a good sporting people if we welch at the consequences of our own doing.

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" 'Having trained a nation to worry about 'haliotis,' to glare at people who cut lettuce with a knife, to shun the sort of labor which interferes with the pinkness of finger nails, to believe that the Man at the Top is at the top because he looks the part in a top hat (with the consequent corollary that any bungler may own the business if he can purchase frequent and 'snappy' clothes) having resorted to every device to make people buy good clothes which open all doors; having substituted 'dress as well as the boss does' for 'know as much as the boss does'—well, how can we escape the simple consequences when those we have deluded demand raucously that we make good our implied promises?

" 'Perhaps we may go on progressing until dress suits shall be as ubiquitous as tonsillectomies and each of us shall be a little more resplendant than all the rest of us. Everybody rejoices in the spread of creature comforts and the broadening of the opportunities for delight. If we can expand the process indefinitely without disaster—well and good, and three loud cheers. On the other hand, if in reaching the millennium by means of a gospel which glorifies pride in appearance at the expense of supposedly sturdier emotions, we do achieve a revolution, the disaster will not have been the result of intrigue from Moscow, but of sound business methods in New York and Philadelphia; it will not come by means of grimy pamphlets slipped under door-mats by communists with dirty finger nails and ill-fitting clothes, but by means of 'double-truck,' two-page advertisements in a thousand and one newspapers all over this broad land, prepared by young men with clean collars, pure hearts and the Punch That Wins.' "

❦ ❦ ❦

Hereticus stepped on the shuttle car just as it started toward the library.

"I have been lecturing in the college towns—for instance at Princeton, Georgetown and Yale, and I shall write a recommendation to our fashion editor on this. I shall point out in answer to your friend, my good Primus, that the junior members of the Social Elect no longer polish their shoes or their finger nails; smoothing lustrous oils smeared over pompadours is no longer the practice of our best intellectuals who are showing signs of returning to the loose cyclone coiffure; the senior wears his stockings in the Oxford manner, hanging garterless over his brogue shoes. In fact, they go so far as to stimulate artificially the knee pouches on their trousers."

"You have looked into this carefully?" asked Angelicus, as they helped him off at the shuttle station near the office door.

"I have been at all the big athletic meets and college games, Doctor—that is where we get our fashions fixed today."

"No more Bois de Boulogne or Rotten Row, then?" queried Primus Criticus.

"No more Patriarch Balls?" asked Miss Anonymoncule in an historical reverie.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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